HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1406. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883. | TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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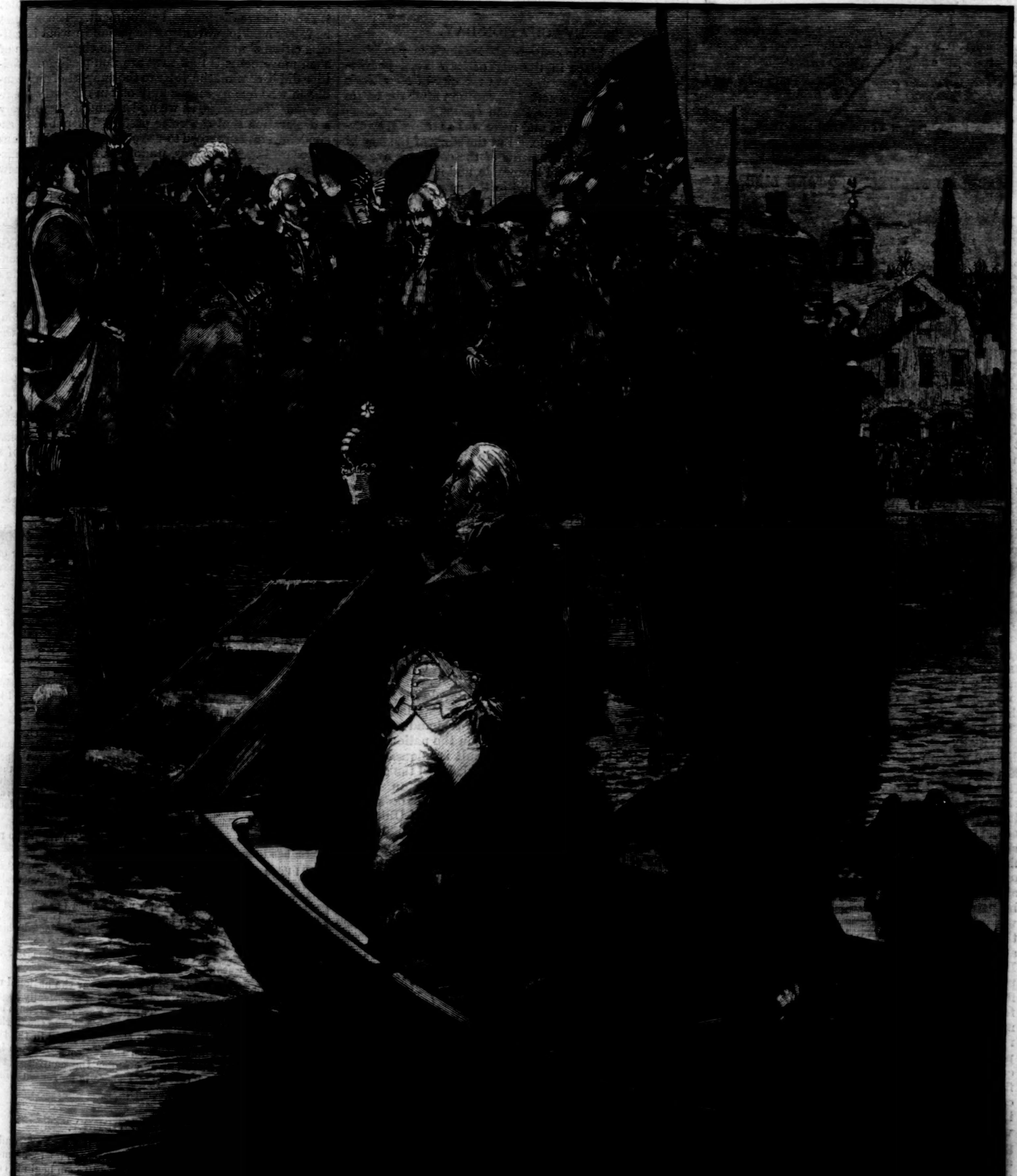

WASHINGTON LEAVING NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1783.—DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

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THE CONTEST FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE spectacle of gentlemen going to Washington and "opening head-quarters" to secure their own election to the Speakership, and to urge members of the House to pledge themselves to vote for them, is not agreeable, and is very different from the practice of other and, in this respect certainly, better days. It is, however, a custom which has become universal in the pursuit of every office. The doctrine that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office, is obsolete. Nothing is more common or more discreditable than the personal efforts of candidates for the Senate of the United States to win by actual solicitation the votes of members of a Legislature. The spectacle of two summers ago in Albany will not be soon forgotten, and while this kind of contest for securing a party nomination to the Speakership is proceeding at Washington, it is announced, not, indeed, authoritatively, but as something to be naturally anticipated, that the President is about to open his campaign to secure a nomination next year. We believe the President to be wronged by such a report, and while it is probable that he desires to be nominated, we believe him to be much too shrewd a man to suppose that such a course would aid him to secure the prize.

The renominations of Republican Presidents have been really spontaneous. Ordinary machine politics did not procure and could not have prevented them. Mr. LINCOLN was renominated in 1864 and General GRANT in 1872 in obedience to the honest wish and choice of the Republican party. And the conspiracy to secure the nomination in 1880, although the effort of the most powerful and thoroughly organized "machine" known in our political annals, was totally baffled, because it outraged the real conviction and desire of the party. None of the leaders of that machine, although they were all managers who were powerful by patronage, were men of political sagacity. There were plenty of their lieutenants who could have taught them that the art of the politician is not to try to sail against the wind, but to turn it to his own account. It is true, however, that to do this he must be able to perceive both its direction and its force. A great office acquired by bargain, or by any means but the force of character, of service, or of legitimate argument, is not an honor. A Speaker whose election represents private understandings and pledges and promises gains his office at the cost of the respect and confidence of the country. Many men who are most fitted by character and capacity for high public place constantly decline the controversy necessary to obtain it, because it is not a controversy which is consistent with their self-respect. Yet the unwillingness to engage in the scramble is urged as a conclusive plea against them. Refusal personally to solicit votes is denounced as a high and mighty disdain of the public which ought to be severely punished. If a man does not care enough about his election to work for it, why should he expect anybody else to work for him? is the simple-hearted query of the heeler.

The three gentlemen who aspire to the Speakership have been long in the public service. Their characters, their views, their parliamentary abilities, are perfectly well known. They can not change the impression which these have produced. Their "canvass," therefore, the personal endeavor to persuade members to support them, is open to serious suspicion. In itself it costs them a regard which is better than votes. The same thing is as true of the President. His administration is his platform. If the party should desire his nomination, it would be because, upon the whole, it is satisfied that nothing would probably be gained by attempting a change. But a personal effort upon his part, by the use of patronage, or by any "aggressive" means whatever, to obtain a nomination, would, in the present temper of the public mind, probably turn the scale against him. No vigorous and obvious attempt to secure the nomination could improve the President's chances, whatever those chances may be. But a vigorous and obvious administrative impulse in the directions which public and party opinion plainly indicates would unquestionably improve them.

EVACUATION-DAY.

THE last of the centennial Revolutionary celebrations takes place in the city of New York just before this paper appears. Yet the city of New York took no part in the actual Revolution after the battle of Long Island. The British occupation was absolute and continuous, and there was a strong Tory element among the people. But the story of the city in the preliminary movements of the contest is exceedingly interesting and honorable, and it will doubtless have been adequately told in the newspapers. New York has always shown a certain indifference and negligence toward her own annals, which is partly due to the Dutch temperament of the early settlers, and partly to the mixed and cosmopolitan character of her subsequent population. A large part of the crowd which will gaze upon the pageant of the celebration of Evacuation-day will wonder what Evacuation-day was, and the electric national appeal of great national anniversaries, which brings homogeneous communities to their feet with pride and joy, will be wanting here.

The incidents of the day a hundred years ago were narrated in Mr. JOHNSTON'S article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November, and it is exceedingly pleasant reading. The city of New York, indeed, was bound fast during the war, but the State of New York was the theatre of great and decisive events, and the Revolution both culminated and, in the final evacuation, ended here. The events that were recently commemorated at Newburgh, and the completion of the Saratoga monument, which will probably be celebrated next year, recall some of the great Revolutionary memories of the State; and the plains of Long Island, the field of Oriskany, the heights of Ticonderoga, the waters around West Point, are all eloquent of the days whose centenary has now passed.

The celebrations of these events have been a remarkable series of commemorations. They began with the observance in Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1874, of the centenary of the assembly of the Continental Congress, and they end with that of the evacuation of New York, on the (25th) 26th of November, 1883. Their culmination was naturally that of the central event of the Revolution, the Declaration of Independence. During this long period the Revolutionary story has been told and retold in a manner deeply to impress it upon the national mind and memory, and the final result is unquestionably a more vivid and adequate knowledge of the national history. It is one of the great good fortunes of the country that the centennial season did not occur until the civil war had ended, and the national Union had endured successfully the prolonged and vital test of its character and power. That war is already merely one of the incidents of our story—an incident which will soon have left no baleful consequence. To one more celebration we must now look forward, to the centenary of the institution of the government of the Union in 1889, and then the country will enter upon the second century of its national life with memories as proud as its anticipations may be justly sanguine.

REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK.

THE reorganization of the Republican party in the city of New York is an important event, which throws a great responsibility upon critical and independent Republicans. The overwhelming defeat of 1882 was followed by general apathy in the party, and a stunned feeling among the party managers. Some months elapsed without action of any kind, although various projects involving reorganization were entertained and discussed. Finally a plan of enrollment in the city was adopted, to go into effect after the election. The State Convention approved it, and directed inquiries into an extension of representation in the Convention, and the purification of primaries. The State Committee selected at the Convention proved to have what is known as a Stalwart majority. It entered upon the campaign at great disadvantage, because of a certain distrust, and of the indifference of an off year, and of the small contribution to the treasury. But its conduct of the campaign was skillful and efficient, and it can not justly be accused of the least factional purpose or effort. On the contrary, it dropped all considerations but Republican success, and the result speaks for itself. It has totally changed the Democratic tone and feeling in regard to the election of next year.

All this shows an honorable spirit upon the part of the official managers of the party, and Republicans who have complained hitherto have had an opportunity to secure that share of initiative and control the want of which they have denounced as a wrong. It is obvious that in a great city there must be some kind of registry, or it can never be known whether those who control Republican meetings may not be Democrats. The registry offered was perfectly free, with the exception of a pledge not to take part during the year in the caucuses of another party. The exact meaning of this pledge occasioned some doubt and discussion. But as it was susceptible of a simple and reasonable interpretation, it does not seem to us that it should have discouraged enrollment. It could not be fairly held to prevent participation in what is called a citizens' movement, because the characteristic of such movements is that they are non-partisan. Neither did it commit the voter to the support of any candidate who by any means may obtain the party nomination. The pledge, as we understand it, was merely a declaration that the voter preferred Republican ascendency, and proposed to use every honorable means to secure it. There was, undoubtedly, some dissatisfaction with the fact that the machinery for the new organization was in the hands of the "old set." But that was not important until it was seen that they intended to abuse their trust, and then they would be dealt with as they were in 1882. No form of organization, indeed, and no kind of enrollment, in which intelligent and honorable men take part, will constrain them to support candidates whom they think to be unworthy of support.

There are a great many voters, of course, who are content to vote at the election, and who will not trouble themselves with preliminary details. But the remedy for deprivation of the chance "to begin at the beginning" has been offered, and those who neglected it can not fairly complain if hereafter they find themselves debarred. On the other hand, it would be folly for those who may obtain control in the new organization to forget that "regularity" is no argument with those who hold the balance of power, and that the Republican party will not succeed because of a new registration, but only because it deserves to succeed.

GOOD CHEER FOR THANKSGIVING.

WE trust that the Republican Legislature of New York will heed the words of Mayor EDSON. He repeats what every intelligent man who consents to become Mayor of New York discovers that—he is practically powerless in most important matters.

Mayor EDSON says:

"In my view the government of cities is rapidly becoming a serious question. The State of New York has done very well in giving Brooklyn so excellent a charter. If, now, the Republicans give New York city as good a government as that possessed by Brooklyn, they will strengthen themselves all around. New York city asked this of the Legislature last year, but failed to get it. I haven't changed my mind at all in respect to the legislation needed. It is now only a question as to whether the Republicans will be far-sighted enough to grant the request, which will certainly be repeated the coming winter. Brooklyn's charter gives the Mayor some powers which he has not before enjoyed, and which he ought to have. In saying this I do not mean to be understood as hankering personally for increased power. But in the future the people of the city of New York should select a man in whom they have confidence, and then he should have fully as comprehensive powers as those granted the Executive of Brooklyn. This rule should apply to all cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, and I don't know but to the smaller cities as well."

The Mayor says further, and his conduct in regard to reform has been worthy of high commendation:

"I think the working of civil service reform in New York State is excellent. Even the simple rules which will be recommended this year will do good. In cities of over a certain number of inhabitants the civil service is and will be subject to such rules as the Mayor may adopt. So far as New York city is concerned, I expect before January to have civil service rules adopted which, though simple, will be of great help in carrying on the government of the metropolis. I am heartily in sympathy with the civil service reform movement."

This is most suggestive. Within a year the national reform bill has been passed, and the reform practically begun under a friendly President. The New York State reform bill has passed, and the Commission is organized, and the work is about to begin under a friendly Governor; and in the two cities of New York and Brooklyn the reform will begin immediately by the direction and under the control of two friendly Mayors. In these facts there is no reason whatever for political discouragement.

THE COMING OPERA.

A WAGNER SOCIETY has been formed in New York, and it is therefore to be expected that the modern opera, or, more distinctively, the opera of the future, will soon begin to contest the prize of popular favor with the Italian opera. The latter has now to bear a great deal of objurgation from many critics, and the young students of music display a great deal of polite disdain for the childish taste of their elders, which can patiently endure, without protest, a whole evening of the "tinkling tunes" of ROSSINI, BELLINI, DONIZETTI, and VERDI.

The performance of *La Gazza Ladra* for the return of PATTI seemed, indeed, to reveal a decided change of taste.

Despite the exquisite vocalization and the great charm of the prima donna, there was an evident feeling of inadequacy and triviality in the opera, and even the bright gayety of the ROSSINI music left a sense of disappointment. It is, indeed, impossible that the masterly rendering of WAGNER'S music now for many years by Mr. THOMAS and his orchestra, and the evident delight which it awakens in great audiences, should not show some positive effect upon the ruling musical taste. Moreover, every great successive master in any art expresses the spirit of his age, and is, in so far, more agreeable to those who are influenced by that spirit. The words "quaint" and "old-fashioned" imply an appreciable change in the general taste and appreciation.

These words are already applied in music to HANDEL and HAYDN and WEBER, and even MENDELSSOHN is "patronized" by the "young person" of the Wagnerian epoch. The great success of *Lohengrin* at the Metropolitan Opera-house is an unmistakable sign of the interest that would attend an equally adequate representation of the WAGNER series. There would, indeed, be some kind of struggle for public favor at the beginning, as there was in the first performances of the BEETHOVEN symphonies, which were also derided as unintelligible. But, with the fitting accessories, such as the composer contemplated and required, his claims as a great composer could be justly treasured. It is, however, hardly to be supposed that the sweet and charming melodies of the familiar Italian operas would become wholly obsolete even in the event of a complete triumph of the modern opera. They would survive in the available resources of the opera as WATTEAU and GREUZE and WOUVERMANS survive in the famous galleries of pictures. Meanwhile, as an earnest of what is coming, Mr. THOMAS has completed arrangements with Madame MATERNA, the chief WAGNER prima donna, and two other singers who are especially interpreters of his music, for a series of concerts in the chief cities of the United States, beginning in April.

AN INSTRUCTIVE CASE.

THE case of the removal of E. R. DUDLEY, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at Newbern, North Carolina, merits the attention of the public and of the Administration. The Hon. J. E. O'HARA is a member of Congress from North Carolina, who for some reason does not like Mr. DUDLEY, and the public service is therefore deprived of an admittedly good officer. Mr. I. J. YOUNG, the Collector, writes as follows to Mr. DUDLEY:

"SIR,—Hon. J. E. O'HARA has just been to see me, and insists on your removal. I hope you and your friends will appreciate my position, and the partiality I have shown you by retention so long against the demand and wish of our M. C. I had hoped that time would soften him, and bring about some concessions; and I yet feel, if patience and forbearance prevail on the part of yourself and friends, that all differences may be healed, and equal justice done to all concerned. I shall appoint Mr. PALMER your successor. Be ready to turn over to him November 1.

"Please work up all unfinished business in your Div. by that time.

"I feel it due to you to say that I deem you a good officer, and will gladly give you the chance to resign prior to that time.

"Would be glad to talk personally with you, and hope you will so act as to not cause a wider breach among our political friends, and trust to time, the great arbitrator of human grievances, to heal feuds, and repair the wrong you may feel done you by appointing your successor."

The commendation of the victim to the assuaging influences of time is very touching. But Mr. DUDLEY declined voluntarily to resign a position for which his superior officer declared him to be fit, and he was summarily removed, to gratify the Honorable J. E. O'HARA.

It is in this way that the positions in the civil service of the United States are made to serve the personal and political ends of politicians and members of Congress, and it is the necessary consequences of this system of allowing individual citizens to use the public money for their own purposes, and to pay their henchmen out of the national Treasury, which have aroused the people to insist upon reform. Mr. O'HARA had no more right to demand the removal of Mr. DUDLEY than to require that of any employé in the office of this paper; and the lever by which he pried an admittedly good officer out of his place was the implied threat that he would pry out the superior officer if he did not do his bidding. Such incidents are conclusive arguments against the spoils system.

MRS. FRY.

JOHN HOWARD awakened general interest in prisoners and prisons, and much of the reform of modern days is fairly attributable to his exposures of the wrongs and sufferings of prisoners. ELIZABETH FRY, a little later—about seventy years ago—again drew attention especially to the condition of women in prisons. The story of her beneficent and self-sacrificing life, all the more interesting from its Quaker sweetness and simplicity, was told after her death by her two daughters. But the volume was large, and is long since out of print. EDWARD RYDER, a preacher of the Friends, has prepared a tale of her life and labors from all the existing sources, which gives an adequate and impressive picture of the admirable woman. Mr. RYDER is his own salesman of a book which naturally treats Mrs. FRY'S career from the religious point of view.

"FIRST AID TO THE INJURED."

ONE of the excellent forms of humane activity in the city is the instruction in "first aid to the injured" which is furnished by a society of ladies and gentlemen organized for that purpose. Human life can often be revived and suffering greatly relieved by prompt and intelligent treatment of those who are wounded and disabled by casualties of every kind, and the object of the association is to promote such treatment.

The central society in New York has organized branches in Boston and Philadelphia. In New Brunswick and Orange, in New Jersey, there are classes, and other branches are forming in Buffalo, Baltimore, Providence, Rochester, and Newark. Nearly a thousand persons attended the New York lectures last winter, and the work is sustained by many of the chief churches in the city.

The classes are made up of railroad and factory employés, of working-men of all kinds, of machinists, policemen, clerks, theological students, and school-teachers. The lectures are generally free. The pupils are duly examined, and those who pass satisfactorily receive a suitable certificate. The society is maintained by life memberships, subscriptions, and donations. The expenses are: printing, postage, medical appliances and material, small salaries and clerical services, and rent. The expense of the last year was only about $1200.

MR. IRVING AND MISS TERRY.

MR. IRVING has finished his present engagement in New York, and with Miss TERRY, who has "charmed the town," and his admirable company, he now goes to Philadelphia and Boston and other cities. The perfect stage setting of the dramas in which he plays is not only exceedingly attractive, but it is an essential part of theatrical representation. The imagination will do much, but the imagination is aided by fine and fitting stage appointments as it is by fine acting.

There is no question of the impression which Mr. IRVING has produced as that of a masterly artist. He has the supreme gift of accomplishment in his art that he is able to turn even his disadvantages to profit, as we have known singers of the utmost musical feeling and skill produce exquisite effects even when nature had stinted the richness of the voice.

This "reverse action," as it is happily called by one of Mr. IRVING'S most sympathetic critics, enables him to produce the effect in a manner which is the very reverse of the author's probable intention. Thus for a passionate explosion of feeling may be substituted a kind of speechlessness, the seeming inability from very intensity of emotion to give it adequate expression. These are the touches that reveal the consummate artist; and such mastery, with his intellectual comprehension of the art which he illustrates, has won for him his great distinction.

Miss TERRY has given us the most perfect of Portias, and as she filled the eye and mind in the delightful drama, SHELLEY'S line was the due description of the scene:

"She was one of SHAKESPEARE'S women."

O'DONNELL'S POSITION.

THE trial of O'DONNELL for the murder of CAREY, the Irish informer, is a singular commentary upon the state of Irish feeling. He has been made a popular hero, and money has been subscribed for his defense, upon the ground of his noble and patriotic devotion in murdering the "infamous informer." But it is understood that his plea is that he killed CAREY in self-defense, which plea, if sustained, ruins him as a devoted hero and martyr.

O'DONNELL, therefore, is in the awkward situation of a man who does not merit popular gratitude and enthusiasm unless he should be proved guilty of murder and be sentenced to the gallows. If he escape hanging, it will be because he is proved not to deserve the popular homage. The situation illustrates the condition of Irish feeling. Crime, however dastardly and cold-blooded, if it be committed in revenge upon the "Anglo-Saxon," is a passport to public favor, or at least to the sympathy of the great mass of the poor and ignorant Irish.

Meanwhile the British Government continues its efforts to correct abuses and to do justice. The result of the late criminal trial when the jury disagreed shows the untruth of the assertion that juries are impanelled to convict. There is certainly no European government which would maintain so humane and reasonable a course, under the same circumstances, as that of the GLADSTONE administration in Ireland. Much undoubtedly remains to do, but how much more promptly and satisfactory it would be done if the Irish leaders were wisely friendly to the Government!

PERSONAL.

A PARISIAN journalist begins a leading article as follows: "It was with the keenest satisfaction that, nine months ago, I learned of the death of RICHARD WAGNER." He then proceeds to vent his anger against classical conceits and the German Empire.

—The French (observes a Paris correspondent) do not attach to their newspaper articles the same importance that foreigners do; and for one Frenchman who reads an editorial on the subtleties of Chinese diplomacy (the details of which are, of course, obtained from the English press) there are ninety-nine who read the accounts of the drollery of the new operetta, the splendors of the restored Alcazar Théâtre, and the enthusiasm provoked nightly at the Opéra Comique by Madame GALLI-MARIÉ'S splendid impersonation of Carmen.

—A late essayist announces that "men of vast powers do not need the stimulus afforded by foreign travel, and the ordinary tourist frequently deludes himself in supposing that he will gain more knowledge and more enjoyment by spending his vacation abroad." Artists who want to go to Europe, but can not, may find comfort in these words.

—The cast of LUTHER'S face, taken three days after his death, is preserved in a public library in Halle. Some hairs of the eyebrows, which came out while the cast was being removed, are religiously cared for by a firm of art-dealers in the same city. These modest souvenirs of the Reformer are stiff, and iron-gray.

—JOHN RUSKIN will lecture at the London Institution, on the 4th of February next, on "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century." The subject seems to be outside the realm of art criticism, and his discussion of it will doubtless be all the more valuable.

—Field-Marshal VON MOLTKE, though more than eighty years old, takes much pleasure in hunting, and is very successful in the sport.

—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA writes: "Miss MARY ANDERSON, whose success on the English stage is now fully established, was stately, graceful, and winsome in the part of Pauline. No criticism, gentle or ungentle, will bar the fact that there is no more beautiful lady on the stage than Miss MARY ANDERSON. She is to the full as highly favored by nature as was the late Mrs. ROUSBY; but she carries herself with greater dignity, and her movements are more symmetrical. An actress who is extremely pretty in visage, lithe in form, and refined in manner may be considered to have gained half the battle which she has to fight. I am not at present qualified to pronounce whether Miss MARY ANDERSON is the possessor of real genius, or only of very highly developed dramatic training. As Pauline, an ample display of pathos is demanded from her; and Miss ANDERSON did not convey to my mind the idea of her feeling the part. She was never carried away. She was not by any means cold, but her warmth lacked *abandon*. She seemed to be perfectly well aware of what she was about, and determined that not one of her graceful poses, not one of her careful touches of by-play, not one toss of her pretty head, nor undulation of her shapely neck, should be lost on her audience."

—Critics must have something to criticise, and one of them, we notice, is tired of seeing Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, of the St. James's Theatre, London, in parts where they are required to make love to each other. "Is there any particular law," he asks, complainingly, "that requires Mrs. KENDAL invariably to make love to her husband, and Mr. KENDAL to be so theatrically devoted to his wife? It is very pretty, no doubt, but it becomes monotonous. It would puzzle one to state for how many years they have been love-making on the stage—classical love-making, comedy love-making, modern love-making, comic love-making; now they are Pygmalion and Galatea, now the hero and heroine of sublimated farce, now old lovers parted, and now young lovers reunited. But we have had enough of them, as Dean SWIFT said when he sickened of rabbits, and apostrophized them in a famous grace."

—In responding to an address of welcome while at Liverpool, on his return from Canada, the Marquis of Lorne said that if he had been able to advance the prosperity of that country, it was very much owing to the labors of the Princess LOUISE, who had "undertaken voyages and journeys which must have been trying to any one, even in the strongest health, with the view of helping to make the people of Europe know the advantages and resources of Canada." This explains very handsomely why the Princess was so often and so protractedly absent from the Dominion.

—During the fifty-five years that have elapsed since the death of the composer SCHUBERT so many alterations have been made in his songs that the original text of the music is often widely different from the present one. An attempt is making to restore the text to its primitive condition by comparing it with the autograph copies made by SCHUBERT himself, and preserved in public and private collections, chiefly in Vienna.

—Sir WILFRID LAWSON, the Radical statesman, does not know why people should quarrel over politics and religion. He would as soon think of quarrelling with a person having the rheumatism. "A man has the rheumatism because it is a disease of his body, and a Tory is a Tory because he is not strong enough to resist the attacks of error." "Mr. GLADSTONE once said that the duty of a government is to make it easy for men to do right, and difficult for them to do wrong, and the duty of the people in relation to the government is to make it easy for the government to do right, and difficult for it to do wrong."

—Queen ELIZABETH of Roumania was seen recently, on a state occasion, in an elegant national costume. "The skirt and corsage, full and flowing, were cream-colored, with gold embroidery; a gauze veil of a rosy tint enveloped her head and neck, and like a morning cloud floated round her sweet and smiling countenance, on which at moments appeared a passing shade of repressed sadness. Her deep blue eyes, with this background, have an intense light, her delicately cut lips have a frank smile of welcome, and her figure, slightly leaning forward, reminds one of SARA BERNHARDT in the sweet and poetical vision of Roland's daughter." The Queen writes books, and has a talent for painting and illuminating.

—GUSTAVE DORÉ'S statue of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, unveiled in Paris on the 4th of November, in the Place Malesherbes, only a stone's-throw from the house of DUMAS the younger, represents the novelist sitting in flowing robes in an arm-chair, and leaning back, pen in hand, as if collecting his thoughts. The likeness is said to be excellent. Below the statue, on the step of the marble pedestal, are seated three bronze figures, the central one a girl reading a novel of DUMAS'S, while a young man at either side of her looks over her shoulder. This monument, said one of the speakers, would have been of solid gold had all whom DUMAS instructed or fascinated contributed a centime each to it.

—Mr. MOODY, the evangelist, is again at work in London, and the *Times* of that city says that he "expounds Scripture in plain, homely phrase, in fervid, earnest tones, with marked American accent and animated gesture, turning aside from his text now and then to humorously relate some experience or point a moral, which elicits a laugh or wins a smile."

—Several hundred girls in a shirt manufactory in Derry, Ireland, have been on a strike because Sir WILLIAM MILLER, M.D., has not been dismissed from his position as medical officer of that establishment. Sir WILLIAM is a Protestant, and the girls are Roman Catholics. The girls parade the streets singing, "God save Ireland," and groaning dismally when opposite Sir WILLIAM'S house. Sir WILLIAM must soon see the error of his way.

—Policemen in London go about in pairs. They are an army in numbers, but no censure of the cost of the constabulary has ever been heard from the most parsimonious rate-payer.

—In Russia the Nihilists are now broken up into widely scattered groups, each more or less independent of the rest. They are desperately in need of funds. Last spring a rich Russian widow married a young Pole, and soon afterward was murdered and robbed. Six months afterward, on being arrested as a Nihilist, he confessed that he had murdered the widow for the sake of her money, which he had distributed among the young Nihilists of Poland. Similar cases have frequently occurred.

—Of the engravers on wood who exhibited at the triennial Salon only three were accorded the first rank, and of these three Mr. ROBERT HOSKIN, of this city, was one. He has received a large gold medal, on one side of which appears a medallion of MICHAEL ANGELO. Mr. HOSKIN'S beautiful work is well known to the readers of this journal, and fully appreciated by his brother artists, not less than by the public.

—CHARLES WILLIAM SIEMENS, the eminent electrician, engineer, and savant, who in 1875 received the Bessemer Medal of the Iron and Steel Institute, is dead, in his sixty-third year. His disease was rupture of the heart.

—We congratulate our veteran and esteemed contemporary the *Commercial Advertiser* on the accession of that accomplished journalist Mr. ISAAC H. BROMLEY to the post of editor-in-chief. Mr. BROMLEY'S pen has already made for him a *clientèle* of which any editor might be proud, and his brilliant social gifts have endeared him to troops of friends. It is always pleasant to see the right man in the right place.

—During the days of the old Volunteer Fire Department the mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the laddies nourished as gallant a temper as the women of classic Greece. Mrs. EDWARD MOYNIHAN, whose family have long held an honorable position in the annals of the Volunteer Fire Department, sends to one of our esteemed contemporaries a communication in which she says: "I see that Old 44 Engine Company are to turn out on Evacuation-day. I suppose the men, all young and handsome, who belonged to 44 in those days, are, like myself, grown old and gray. They worked in the ship-yards, and the Eleventh Ward was a pleasant place to live in. I hear that the old firemen are short of funds for a band. If that be so, then, for old acquaintance' sake, an I in memory of the good and true men of a past day, I am willing to contribute anything that is lacking. All I ask in return is that they will march past my door, as I am unable to go out, so that I may once more see about all that is left of the old Eleventh Ward to remind me of the past."

I.

SOME folk there are, I sorely grieve
To say, do not in full believe—
Oh, scoffing times!—in witches;
Who shake their heads, with doubtful look,
When told these cross a stream or brook
In egg-shell boats, by hook or crook,
Or fly on birchen switches.

But lithe and listen, all good men,
To this strange tale about a hen
That I have sought to gather
From that which certain papers state
Of sundry things appertainate
To matters brought before the late
Deceasèd Cotton Mather.

II.

[*It is now to be related of the manner of living and of the condition of one Charity, sometimes called Granny Greene.*]

Dame Charity Greene, of Salem Town,
Was not overwise, as you shall see,
For in all the settlement, up or down,
Nobody grumbled as much as she.
And yet she had chickens and ducks and geese,
A cottage, a cow, a garden plot,
But still in the spite of all of these,
And plenty to eat and plenty of ease,
She oftentimes said to Barbara Reese,
Her gossip, with tearful whine and wheeze,
She was poor as the township charity pot.

III.

[*It is furthermore told of certain things that happened to Granny Greene upon a hill back of Salem Town, and of a stranger that she met there.*]

Granny Greene walked over the hill,
Over the hill nigh Salem Town,
With a bag of grist for the valley mill.
The wind piped high and the wind piped shrill
As it caught the grass and bent it down;
And far in the hollow, windy sky
The white-winged sea-gulls flickered high,
And wheeled and screamed with a harsh wild cry.

Deponent saith she was snug and warm
In a long gray cloak and comforter too,
That not a breath of the wind could harm,
No matter how high and chill it blew;
That she thought she was walking all alone,
As she grumbled of money and this and that;
But she suddenly saw, with his hand to his ear,
And his head bent forward as if he would hear,
A strange little man in a sugar-loaf hat.

His coat was red,
And so was his head;
His stockings were red, and his breeches too;
And shriller far than the wind, and higher,
He spoke in a voice as thin as a wire,
And sharp and keen as the point of a pin:
Oh, Charity Greene, oh, whither so fast?
Why turn away when you've found at last
A helpful friend—from no matter where—
Who can lift the weight of your load of care?
Oh, stay! oh, stay!
Oh, tarry, I pray!
And listen to what I have to say.
I'll ease the troubles in your hard case,
For every morning your hen shall lay
A golden egg, from this very day.
Then he skipped and danced in a wanton way,
And grinned all over his sharp, shrewd face.

The wind shrieked out more wild and shrill;
Dame Charity's cloak flew over her head.
She struggled and twisted and turned until
She had freed herself: she stood on the hill
Alone. The stranger in red
Had fled.

IV.

[*Now it is shown what cometh of evil communion with that which is not of a goodly nature.*]

The next morn, so the deponent said,
After the one all clad in red
Had spoken to her in this strange way,
The speckled hen, in the out-house shed,
Cackled as though it would wake the dead;
So putting her knitting and yarn away,
She went to find where the fresh egg lay.

A beam of light like a misty bar
Reached through a knot-hole smooth and round,
As though it leaned from the wall to the ground,
Where it shivered and broke in a blaze of light,
And shattered amid the lumber old.
There, near by, was the strangest sight
That ever was thought of, or seen, or told;
For amongst the straw, like a blazing star,
In the dusky light, lay an egg of gold.
The dame stood stark, as though shot with a bullet,
At the sight she saw in the nest of the pullet.

V.

[*From that which followeth may be seen, however, those things which we most desire have their bitterness.*]

All day she walked in a daze,
And her soul was wrapped in amaze
At the thing which the hen had done.
And at night, when she went to bed,
The thoughts so skipped in her head,
Each jostling the other one,
That she'd ne'er caught a wink of sleep
When the daylight began to peep,
And the little birds began to sing
At the waking up of everything.

For now that such wealth untold
Was hatched from an egg of gold,
She bethought her of what to say
To her gossiping cronies when
She should tell of the golden hen
That was blessed in no godly way.
Likewise not a thought was found,
Though she chased all her wits around,
To tell her of how the egg of gold
Could be taken to Boston Town and sold.

But still her wits danced around,
When a shrill and piercing sound
Stabbed straight through the hush like a knife.
A scream, a clatter, a shrieking,
As though fifty imps were squeaking
And yelling and fighting for life.
Out of her bed she tumbled,
And out of the house she bundled,
With never a limp of her rheumatic leg.
She opened the door of the out-house, when
She found the hen
Had been at it again,
For there lay another bright golden egg.

Another day passed by, and then
Came another egg from the speckled hen.

A week passed by, and every day
A golden egg was put away.

VI.

[*Following this is shown how wealth, more especially that which is ill-gotton, weigheth down the heart.*]

She filled a barrel, she filled a bag;
She hid them back of the four-post bed.
The hen kept on with never a lag—
For every morn of every day
A golden egg was put away.

Dame Charity hated her golden store,
And the hen so cursed by the one in red,
As she never had hated a thing before.

GRANNY GREENE SEEKETH YE LIFE OF YE HEN.

She'd have given an eye to be free once more,
And would have wrung off the pullet's head;
But the thing grew wild and hid away,
And only came back
With shrieking and clack
At the gray of the dawn of the coming day,
To lay.

VII.

[*This shows how ill happenings follow upon evil doings.*]

And now when she went to take a walk,
As she used to do in the days of old,
Before she was cursed with the weight of gold,
The folk began to whisper and talk,
For she muttered of gold, and this and that,
And there came to her house a great black cat
(The one in red,
It was afterward said);

DAME CHARITY GREENE MEETETH YE STRANGE LITTLE MAN.

GRANNY GREENE FALLETH INTO ILL REPUTE.

THE ARREST.

And the boys would shout things after her which
Had a sound that was strangely like that of witch.

* * * * * * *

What is that noise
Of men and boys?
Of scuttling, scurrying,
Hustling, hurrying?
Out runs the smith with his arms all bare,
The landlord out from the tavern there,
The carpenter too, and the undertaker,
The one-armed soldier, the old shoemaker,
The tallow-chandler, and the baker.
There's a noise of men and boys in the street—
There's a hubbub of voices, a tramp of feet.
"The witch! the witch!" is shouted loud.
"They've taken the witch! they've got her fast!
They've caught the old she-cat at last!"
Down the street comes the noisy crowd,
And right at the head of the press is seen
The County Sheriff and Granny Greene.

VIII.

[*The proof of the witchcraft in all these doings is clearly set forth by what follows, as is likewise a moral adduced from them by a goodly man.*]

Now when they searched the cottage through,
As they were called upon to do,
They found—so I am told—
A barrel where some onions lay,
Some last-year's turnips hid away,
But not a bit of gold.
Which shows how witchcraft changes things,
And how ill-gotten wealth takes wings.

A discourse preached by Parson Groane,
In which it was full clearly shown
How wealth is but a bubble;
Showed also how the lusts of men
But lead weak flesh to evil, when
They find they get a speckled hen
That hatches naught but trouble.

NO SUNSET TO-NIGHT.

No sunset to-night, no glory
Is over the pallor of snow;
Dark is the heaven above us,
And dark is the earth below.
No sunset to-night, no tinting
Of purple, or pink, or gold:
The day dies sadly in shadow,
And the night comes dark and cold.

Sunshine to-morrow morning! Sunshine
Will brighten the eastern sky;
The birds will tell us at dawning
As they go twittering by.
The pallor of snow will vanish,
And the dark clouds drift away;
The grass is under the snow-drifts,
And the blue sky under the gray.

No sunset to-night in the household,
The hearth-stone is dreary and still;
There is something the matter with father,
And mother is weary and ill.
No playing to-night in the parlor,
No story, no laughter, no song,
And the little ones go to their sleep
With a feeling of sorrow and wrong.

But to-morrow, when shadows lengthen,
The hearth will be ruddy and light;
Children will climb on the father's knee,
And the mother be well and bright;
And the sun o'er the little household
Go down in the glory and bliss
Of laughter, and story, and music,
Of a father's and mother's kiss.

And my heart has oft mournfully said:
"In my life no sunset to-night:
Gray is the sky and horizon,
Clouds piling to left and to right;
Gone are the purple and amber tints,
The shimmer of pink and of gold:
My day has been all in the shadow,
And my night cometh dark and cold."

Then, lo! in the morning new glory,
New beauty of earth and of sky,
New hope in my love and my duty,
As the lark sings gladly on high:
"Shadows last only a night-time;
Like a happy bird, sing them away;
For after the night comes the dawning,
And the blue sky is under the gray."

THANKSGIVING, 1783—1883.

Thanksgiving is no new thing. A national day of thanksgiving to the Source of all has been observed in China for unknown ages. On that glad day in every year the Emperor proceeds in state, clad in Oriental pomp, to an altar near Pekin, and offers alone prayers and sacrifices in return for the gifts Heaven has vouchsafed his people. For the moment he becomes the representative of the nation. On the same day, at the same hour, three hundred millions of his subjects bring grateful offerings to their unknown gods. Despotism has produced an unparalleled unity of religious rites. Custom rules the half-civilized Chinese with a rigor unknown to the West. Nowhere else is there so large a portion of the human race united in one cry of gratitude, one universal prayer.

The Chinese seem to belong to a prehistoric period, and unite unheard-of cruelties to several unusual virtues. With the Greeks and Romans thanksgivings were occasional, and followed important public events. There was joy all over Greece after Marathon or Salamis, and sacrifices and prayers were offered in all its temples. But Greece was seldom united, and the cruel wars the Greeks waged against each other allowed no room for a general thanksgiving. It was seldom that the early republics could rejoice in peace and ease. The Romans, more successful, sang hymns of praise after the fall of Carthage, or in the empire celebrated the peaceful rule of Augustus in secular odes and Saturnalian license. But nothing in the form of an annual thanksgiving was known to them. The Jews suggested it in their Feast of the Tabernacles, the Romans in their annual sacrifices to Ceres or to Flora.

An American President summons fifty millions of freemen to give thanks for peace and its abundance. It was seldom that the Roman Consul or Emperor could feel so much at ease. In the dawn of history a national life was a perpetual disease, and men preyed upon each other. That curious, instructive symbol, the closing of the gates of Janus, happened only twice in the history of the most powerful of the ancient republics, and even then was scarcely to be held allowable: war and disaster hung over the walls of Rome. In the Middle Ages the nations dashed madly against each other in ceaseless conflicts. The world was sad and dark, and men sang only a "Dies Iræ." Modern Europe has been scarcely more fortunate. It has sung "Te Deum" for countless victories, but has never been at peace. The gates of Janus are wide open. Sometimes it is Russia plunging headlong into a Crimean war, sometimes England protecting its colonies and canals by military expeditions, or France and Germany tormenting each other.

But with us it is different, and Thanksgiving is an American custom. It came to us slowly. The Dutch and the Puritan may dispute for the credit of its origin. Holland appointed a day of national thanksgiving after the siege of Leyden, 1575. The early Governors in Massachusetts made their public thanksgiving irregularly as early as 1631, 1632, and 1633. The Dutch Governors of New York in 1644 and 1645 began the national custom. But it was not until the war of the Revolution had passed away in triumph that the people of America united in one great song of praise. New York led the way. In the midst of the joy of the evacuation of 1783, Governor George Clinton called upon the people of the State to give thanks for their new freedom. "All worldly labor and recreation," we are told, are to be laid aside; all was gratitude and rest.

Washington proclaimed the first national Thanksgiving in 1789, and afterward in 1795. But the annual celebration of a Thanksgiving-day was long confined to New England and to China. It was not until after the peace of 1815 that the custom was observed in New York. It is only since the death of Lincoln that the President of the United States recommends yearly to all the people the virtue of gratitude. The growth of the custom has kept pace with that of intelligence. It is a useful one. Gratitude softens and refines human thought. The mind or the nation that can say heartily, "I thank you," is tending toward the good, and is in the path of progress.

Never was New York more ready for its annual Thanksgiving. For a hundred years it has been free, and freedom has brought it a boundless prosperity. It has just celebrated the day on which the ancient tyranny faded from its sight. A story is told of an English officer who, a few days after the evacuation, returned to the city to collect some property that had been left behind. With some alarm he landed from the British fleet, and applied to the government for a guard. He was told that he needed none so long as he acted prudently; but his request was granted. He found New York in November, 1783, quiet and peaceful as a country village. There was no disorder, no retaliation. "Why," he said to a friend, "for seven years our army failed to keep the peace of the city: every day and night there was riot and disorder. Now we are gone, everything is peace and safety. These Americans," he added, "know how to govern themselves, but nobody else can govern them." It is for this that we give thanks. Our Thanksgiving-day is the united impulse of fifty millions of people, grateful for the prosperity of the past, and the opportunity of progress in the future.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE LOSS OF THE FAMILY PLATE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

The town of Locustville is situated on a majestic river, and sufficiently near the city of New York to be deemed suburban. Why Locustville? a Betsy Trotwood might have inquired, as these trees are not numerous in the vicinity. Possibly the memory of the delicate foliage and sweet blossoms lingers in a locality once described by a French translator of Fenimore Cooper, with the aid of his dictionary, in these words, "The stranger alighted before the door of the mansion, and fastened his horse to a large grasshopper." Suffice it that Locustville is modern, pretty, and picturesquely perched on the river-bank, with the railroad track below, while the more prosaic element of butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker is grouped about the station. The spot is a true paradise of the man of business, who dreams even at desk and ledger of rural repose.

There are cottages painted white, with green shutters, and usually shaded by weeping-willow-trees; and eccentric cottages, slate gray in hue, with facings of black and orange; and English cottages of red brick, the casements boasting diamond panes of glass. Nor are nice shades of distinction wanting in this suburban community. The red-brick cottage, as home of a banker, looks down on the modest white one, abode of a mere clerk, while the slate-gray house soars above both, as nest of an æsthetic poet.

The most remote of these residences is Gothic in structure, and of all Locustville resembles the home of the friendly sparrow in the trees of city squares. There is a freshness, a smiling expansiveness, so to speak, about this domicile which arrests attention. The smoke floats up like a banner from a span-new chimney, a crystal bubble of a conservatory sparkles on the left side, and striped awnings flutter over the windows when the sun is hot. There is an entrance gate capable of admitting a wheeled vehicle, with a tiny sweep of gravel leading up to the front door. Nor are external decorations lacking. A diminutive fountain adorns the grass-plot, while a pagoda-shaped summer-house is built on the river-bank. A tree trunk covered with ivy simulates a ruined column, and a net-work of twine stretched across the porch still held some sprays of drooping vines in the mild November weather of which we write, trained by the fostering care of the mistress of the house.

Said Pamela, "Have another buckwheat cake, darling."

"Well, no, love; but these corn muffins are excellent," replied Walter.

Then Pamela buttered delicately one of the praised muffins, and presented it to her lord and master, while he partook of breakfast, with his watch placed on the table beside his plate, and his ear alert for the locomotive whistle at the next station, which should warn him to flee on the path of duty cityward. Walter Timbs was book-keeper in the great dry-goods house of Drugget & Co. He adjusted his habits of life with the same regularity that he balanced his accounts. The ménage of the Gothic cottage was young, even as the furniture was new. Walter and Pamela had not been married a year.

"No, indeed!" said Pamela, rising from the table; "we are to keep Thanksgiving-day—our first Thanksgiving—at home. I made up my mind to that a month ago, and I told papa as much when he invited us to town." She put on a stylish seal-skin cap and coachman's cape to accompany her husband to the cars. Pamela performed this act of devotion with gayety, for she was still more bride than matron.

Walter smiled, and then looked grave. "I wish you would teach Bridget to keep the front door locked, my love," he admonished. "I invariably find the entrance gate half open, besides. Some day a band of gypsies will come along and steal every tea-spoon. Depend upon it!"

"Perhaps they will carry off the grand piano," suggested Pamela, in sprightly vein, and she tripped down the bank to the station. "If Bridget is careless about leaving doors and gates open, she is a perfect treasure in other respects. Have you forgotten Maggy, who spent her time flirting with neighboring gardeners, to the detriment of your dinner? or Catherine, who got drunk, and threatened you with a carving-knife?"

"I have not forgotten all those delusive Swedish and German maidens, claimed by stalwart cousins for Western farms just when they learned to make hot biscuit," rejoined Walter.

"Bridget is as honest as the sun, and *so* ugly that even Mikey, the grocer's boy, has jilted her for a better-looking girl," added Pamela.

Walter bit his lip. "All that goes for nothing if the front door is not locked," he said. "You should enforce it."

"Nonsense!" laughed Pamela.

Locustville awaited the train at the station, for the railway was the centre of life. Young ladies seated in pony-phaetons bade lovers adieu for the day, mothers imparted anxious advice to sons, while paterfamilias kissed the babies. Even Pamela was not insensible to the exhilaration of being ogled by an entire train of cars as she stood there in her coachman's cape and seal-skin cap. She was a handsome young woman, tall and slight, with fine blue eyes, a creamy skin, and rich black hair brushed high from the nape of a very white neck, and arranged on top of the head in a fashion deemed purely American in Europe.

Away went the train, leaving feminine Locustville to a day of quiet routine. Walter Timbs was perturbed as he took his place in the cars. A cloud had chilled his sunshine. Pamela had made very light of his first attempt at asserting authority. What would come of it? Perhaps his nerves had been tried by a business knot of the previous day at Drugget & Co.'s, impossible to untangle. Possibly that last corn muffin was a tax on digestion calculated to produce gloom of spirit.

"She should not have said 'Nonsense!' when I suggested locking the front door," mused the husband, and immediately took an opposite political view to his companion of the same seat concerning the election of a new mayor.

Pamela retraced her steps until she regained the Gothic cottage. This day before Thanksgiving was to be long memorable to her, yet it began like all other mornings. She washed the delicate cups and saucers, and put them up in the china closet, after the most approved housewifely fashion. Then she played a Strauss waltz on the grand piano, which nearly filled the tiny drawing-room. Afterward she adjusted curtains, patted cushions, and hovered about the plants of the little conservatory, herself a glowing human blossom, for it was inseparable to her ideas of duty at this date to wear a coquettish cap, decked with scarlet bows, a distracting apron, and red slippers. Valuable rings flashed on her fingers, while a pair of diamond solitaires twinkled in her ears. These were wedding gifts, together with the grand piano and the household furniture. Pamela enjoyed her pretty things, and liked to have them scattered about. She was rehearsing the courses of her Thanksgiving dinner, with the aid of a cook-book, when a shadow darkened the window, and the tramp looked in on her, as a famished dog scents a larder. Scum of European vice and slothfulness, thrifty Switzerland or Italy had sent him in some teeming ship-load to fatten on American prosperity. Dull, sodden, brutal, and ferocious, according to the amount of drink accessible, here he was, a creature preying on the peaceful country until such time as frost and snow should drive him to some city den to plot in darkness, crime, and robbery. Pamela shivered, then gave him bread and meat. The tramp received the food with an inarticulate growl, and slouched away again to stretch himself on the ground in the sun at a distance from Locustville, and smoke a pipe. Pamela played another Strauss waltz to efface him. The tramp, swarthy, bearded, and unkempt, with heavy jaw and strong white teeth like the fangs of a wild animal, remained stamped on her mind, like a phantasm of the night.

After lunch a bustle of preparation for Thanksgiving pervaded the house. The guest-chamber was re-arranged, and windows opened. At two o'clock Pamela came down-stairs, having unlocked the closet of her own room and taken out a bag. This bag contained the family plate. Soon spoons, forks, knives, pepper-casters, and sugar-sifters were spread on the dining-table, together with all those trifles in shining metal given by friends at a wedding.

"There will be work enough to do to-morrow, so these had better be brightened a bit now," thought Mrs. Timbs.

Just then Bridget announced that a steamer was passing on the river, with a band of music and soldiers on board. Steamers gay with flags did not pass Locustville at every hour of the day, so mistress and maid ran to the summer-house to see the excursionists. As they emerged from the back door of the cottage to gain the summer-house on the bank, a man entered the gate stealthily, tried the front door, which was unfastened, and penetrated the house. Oh, rare chance of thieves! Silver was outspread temptingly on the dining-table, and the bag from which it had been taken reposed on a table near at hand. The man glanced around, listened, swept the silver into the bag, and departed as he had come. When mistress and maid returned, the family plate was gone. They gazed at each other in speechless consternation. Was the front door unfastened? Well, yes, an hour earlier Pamela had admitted the Maltese kitten.

Walter Timbs was later than usual in coming home that night. He had paused to smoke a pipe with the poet of the slate-gray cottage, and their talk had turned on a tramp lurking along the hedges with his bundle on a stick. "What will become of us, as a country, if these vagrants are landed on us by Europe, to be supported or live by depredation?" Walter had exclaimed. "Could you not write a—poem—on the subject?"

The poet had removed the amber mouth-piece of his Oriental pipe, and answered, "I might make a tragedy of such a theme."

Then Walter had come home and found the house door so firmly bolted that he had much ado to enter.

"I am glad you remember my injunctions, Pamela," he said, briskly.

Pamela looked at the carpet in pale silence. Bridget peered in the door, disappeared, and a crash of falling crockery signaled her return to the kitchen. Confidences froze on Pamela's lips. Should she tell the truth? Never had such a dinner been served in the Gothic cottage as on that day before Thanksgiving. Mr. Timbs raised the lid of the soup-tureen with the eagerness of a hungry man, dipped the ladle into the milk-thickened oyster stew, and exclaimed, sharply, "Take it away!—this soup is burned."

"I never left it no more nor five minutes," asserted Bridget, and sidled off with the tureen, gazing at her master over her shoulder in such a very strange manner that he might have been warranted in believing sudden madness to have smitten the household.

Pamela played with her spoon. Alas! it was a plated one for every-day use. The chicken was hopelessly raw, the potatoes were cold, the apple-pie scorched to a cinder, with the addition of a flavor of ashes. Humanity, with an empty stomach, asserted itself in the master of the house as he ate a pickle.

"Really, the prospect for Thanksgiving is a lively one, my dear. I hope the banquet may not prove a Barmecidal feast after all. I should like a Polynesian pudding I once read about. The bread-fruit, ripe plantain, taro, palm or pandanus nut, are rasped, pounded, and baked separately. Then a large tray is filled with cocoa-nut milk, kept simmering by popping in heated stones, and the other ingredients, fresh from the oven, are added. Think of cocoa-nut milk for a pudding sauce!"

"Perhaps you had better live in Polynesia," snapped Pamela.

The wretched meal concluded, Walter took refuge in a cigar, while Pamela attacked the grand piano in a storm of discords.

"Spare my nerves," groaned the hungry husband, after a time.

Pamela rose, and flounced into the darkness of the little conservatory. Her heart ached, tears were ready to overflow her eyes, and her nerves were strung to a tension of excitement by the disaster of the day; but pride still upheld her. The conservatory was dark and fragrant; the young wife moved about with an assumption of indifference, and sang a little tune. The stand of large plants formed a denser foliage at the end, with a recess behind. As she lifted a spray of flowers to inhale their perfume, Pamela saw a man crouching on his hands and knees in the recess. She recognized the shock head of the tramp. Pamela's heart bounded violently, and stood still; the blood ran cold in her veins. She did not scream or fall. In a lightning flash of swiftest conviction she beheld the tramp, discovered, spring forth to stretch Walter lifeless at her feet, if she ceased to sing. Held by this mortal dread, she continued to hum her song; she even plucked a flower from the plant nearest the hidden foe. Then she crept away slowly, faster and faster, until she swung to the door of the adjoining room, slid the bolt with stiffening fingers, and fell in a little heap, gasping, "*A man—the tramp—is hidden there!*" At the same moment there was a noise in the conservatory of falling plants and crash of glass, incident to the tramp's escape through the casement rather than be taken like a rat in a trap.

Walter gathered up Pamela in his arms and placed her on a sofa. Then he gave chase, revolver in hand. Soon all Locustville joined in pursuit of the outcast. Every cottager turned out, to a man, to defend his own hearth-stone. The news flew like lightning through the night that Mrs. Timbs had found a burglar hidden in her conservatory, ready to plunder and murder when the household should have retired to rest. Weapons were snatched up, lanterns lighted, and watch-dogs let loose, as if ever tramp waited under cover of darkness for all such preparations of capture! Even the poet came forth in embroidered dressing-gown and cap, his spectacles polished, and a silver-mounted poniard in his grasp. The tramp had vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him, and only the rustling of the wind through the trees and the murmur of the river responded to the shouts of the pursuers. When Walter returned to his abode, flushed with the fruitless search, he found Pamela weeping bitterly on the sofa, while Bridget stood by with her apron to her eyes.

"I am not hurt, my pet, and the rascal will not return," said Walter, lavishing endearments on his wife, for his heart began to melt.

"Oh, it's not that!" sobbed Pamela.

"No, indade, it's not that, thin," echoed Bridget, with a sympathetic howl.

"What is it, then?" coaxed Walter.

"Why, he had been here—before!" cried Pamela.

"He had, jist, bad luck to him!" added Bridget, behind her apron.

"Ah! the tramp had been here before. Did you leave the door open?" pursued Walter, with a deceitful smile.

Pamela swept the handkerchief from her eyes with a tragic gesture. Concealment was no longer possible. "What I have suffered this day!"

she exclaimed. "You may as well know the worst at once. The silver is gone, and we are ruined. Oh, those darling spoons with little curly ends, and that duck of a sugar-sifter shaped like a thistle! I shall never have any more."

"The silver gone!" repeated Walter, springing to his feet. "Let me see with my own eyes, for I can scarcely believe it."

He took a candle, and ran upstairs, followed by Pamela and Bridget. He unlocked the closet door, and produced the bag containing the family plate.

Mistress and maid were dumb. What did it mean?

"The fact is, I was the thief," explained Walter. "I came home at two o'clock to surprise you, and I found the gate ajar, the door unlocked. I had passed the tramp on the road. Neither of you was in the house. I put the silver in the bag, and carried it to the garret, and later took a chance to put it back safely in the closet. Then I slipped out, and spent the afternoon with the poet, in order to return home at the usual hour."

Pamela stared at him rigidly, but warmth and life began to re-animate her frame. Bridget sniffed.

"Let it be a lesson for the future, my love, to be more careful," concluded Walter, with masculine superiority. "I did not intend to speak until the hour of dinner to-morrow, which would become a true Thanksgiving with the re-appearance of the family plate."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself to play such tricks," retorted Pamela, finding voice at last. "So like a thoughtless man! I might be worn gray and worried into a fever with such nonsense. Pity you spoke at all!"

Walter's countenance fell under this volley of feminine indignation, and somehow the result seemed rather lame.

"If I had not stolen that silver, the tramp might have got it," he reasoned.

Pamela dreamed that night Walter was cook, in the white apron and cap of a French *chef*, preparing the famous Polynesian pudding, while Bridget had given warning in consequence.

Next morning brought restored peace and sunshine to Walter Timbs's interior. Pamela's parents arrived at noon, and of all Locustville the Thanksgiving dinner served in the Gothic cottage was the most enjoyable. At an early hour the poet accosted Walter over the fence.

"I have been meditating on my tragedy of the *Dangerous Classes*. I shall make your wife the heroine—a splendid creature with creamy skin and stately throat. There must be crime to enhance the light effects, you know. The tramp slays you, or the heroine falls in defense of her home."

The poet blew a cloud of smoke from his lips, and watched it dissolve in mid-air.

The restored family plate adorned the table, and Pamela's eyes sparkled when they reverted to the treasure. Two notable results became manifest: the front door of the Gothic cottage is always kept locked, and Walter never attempts to enforce marital authority.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

A BITTER TRUTH.

THERE are some faces so exceeding bright
And full of witching grace that with delight
All eyes upon them dwell—faces that make
Men mad with love, faces for whose fair sake
Hundreds would gladly die—yet those who own
This wealth of loveliness have hearts of stone,
Their beauty being like the light that lies
On polar seas and shines in polar skies—
Light that the never-sinking sun bestows
With many jewel gleams and rainbow glows,
But with no warmth. And so the splendor there
Is cold as death, and cruel as despair.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THANKSGIVING TURKEYS:

ARE THEY GRATEFUL TO US?

"I HAVE been thinking," said I to my friend, as we sat as usual over our post-prandial cigar, "over what you were saying yesterday about the dogs in Mexico and the wickedness of demoralizing animals generally. And though I agree with you on the broad principle, I don't think that we ought to forget the other side of the question, or overlook the *elevating* influences which man undoubtedly exercises over the lower animals. The world's history abounds with proofs of the immense services which man confers upon beasts and birds."

"Such as, for instance, at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, I suppose," replied he, with a smile.

"Well," I said, "and who can dispute the very excellent effects of Thanksgiving and Christmas on the beasts of the field and the fowls of the farmyard? Will you deny that our dinners on those occasions fulfill a great moral purpose—that they bring an honorable ambition within a reasonable distance of every turkey, and point the fat ox to the skies? Be it fowl or beast, the reward in this life, if it does its duty and fattens properly and industriously, is ease and peace, and after death there is honor of men, and gratitude, and immortality."

"But you can not pretend," said he, "that fat poultry and prize cattle look forward with any satisfaction either to Thanksgiving or Christmas?"

"No," I replied, "I do not pretend they do, for poultry and cattle never look forward at all. They live in the present, fortunately for them, or their anticipations would be of a rather solemn kind, and their emotions very mixed."

"But the turkey cares very little, I fancy," said he, "whether it has cranberry sauce served with it or not, and it does not much matter to the dead beef whether he is tender eating or tough."

"Very possibly," I answered. "Yet why should they not, all the same, pride themselves upon the honors of consumption on a public festival day? It is not every turkey chick that pips its shell that lives so long or so well as those we eat at Thanksgiving and Christmas; and do they not owe the comfort of months and their good feeding to the simple fact that they were destined to be cooked on those days? Which is better for a goose, that it should have waddled out a short and ignominious existence in a country farm-yard, and then suddenly one day have been killed and devoured by some promiscuously feeding villagers, or that it should have its months of life prolonged, be carefully fed and tended all the while, and ultimately be cooked with appreciative skill at Christmas-time, and consumed with honor? Give the cattle their choice, and which would they prefer, the existence that leads only to some suburban meat stall in the fly-blown months of summer, or that which, fattening on special foods, and enjoying the pleasures of careful attention and ample repose, is crowned with Thanksgiving honors, and concludes in the universal respect of men and women?"

"I don't think, though," interrupted my friend, "that the birds and beasts have learned to reason in this fashion about being eaten."

"Perhaps not," I replied. "But the ancients believed that the oxen dedicated to sacrifice walked to the altar with a prouder step than when they went to the pastures. The garlands round their necks and the ribbons on their horns made them, it was said, conscious of some special dignity about the occasion, and so they went to their death, as Queen Elizabeth danced, 'high and composedly.' And perhaps the old Greeks and Romans were right, and that our American turkeys are proud of being reserved for November, preferring the sacrificial honors of Thanksgiving to the undistinguished fate of other months."

"At all events, let us hope it is so."

"Yes; for I can not help thinking it must be better, moreover, for bullocks and turkeys to believe that they are living for a final day of probation, and to have set before them the high standard of Christmas excellence, that they may try and live up to it. The pig that lies in his pen, doing his duty with all his might, studying, so to speak, for the gold medal, and conscientiously doing his best to get as fat as possible in as short a time as possible, is in its way an inspiriting spectacle. There is a nobility in the effort with which men and women ought to sympathize. It should brace them up to their own labors in life. A turkey, in the same way, cramming or being crammed for the Christmas examination, presents itself to the well-regulated mind as an admirable example of hard work honestly undergone; and when eventually we see the same pig selling for so many cents the pound higher than any other pig in the market, we are glad to see that solid worth has met with its due reward. Whether pigs understand this, and exhibit such heartiness of co-operation in the process of fattening from a high moral sense of duty and loyalty, is a question which they alone can answer; but, in the mean time, it is our privilege to extend to them the benefit of the doubt. Yet even supposing that it isn't so, and that the obese hog only gets fat because he likes eating, there still remains the argument in favor of Thanksgiving and Christmas that his life is lengthened and made comfortable by the process of fattening; and is not length of life one of the blessings we Christians regularly pray for? Had it not been for the festive 29th, the turkey might have been nipped in the bud months ago. Once it had young companions every bit as good as itself, and where are they? For them, the playmates of the Thanksgiving turkey's sportive childhood, no honors were reserved, and no one can remember exactly when they were eaten, or who ate them. They died unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Such, however, is not the case with the heroes of our annual feast days, for after a life of luxury and attentions they find themselves an object of admiration to the public, and even after death live in the pious memory of those who had the good fortune to eat them."

"Ah, well: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

"Which, I suppose," said I, "means, 'it may be said of the dead that they were nothing if not good.'"

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL.

THE fourth day of December, 1783, witnessed a memorable scene in Fraunces' Tavern, on the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, in the city of New York. WASHINGTON was to take leave of the officers with whom a few days before he had made his triumphal entry into the city which had been the head-quarters of the British during nearly the whole period of the Revolutionary war. His comrades in arms awaited him in one of the large rooms of the tavern. They were silent, their hearts beating quick with suppressed emotion. Their beloved General entered the room with a firm step, as was his wont, but with flushed cheek and swimming eye. A man of action and of few words, he looked for a moment into the faces of the men with whom he had fought and won the great battle for liberty and independence, and then, in a voice trembling with emotion, he uttered these simple words:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I can not come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

Tears blinded the eyes of the hero, his voice failed him, and he could say no more. An overpowering, manly grief prevented reply on the part of his officers. One by one they advanced, and in silence took him by the hand. Not a word was said. When the last man had pressed his hand, WASHINGTON turned away, with tears streaming from his eyes, and left the room.

From Fraunces' Tavern WASHINGTON repaired to Whitehall Ferry later in the day, attended by many of his officers, and followed by throngs of citizens, and thence was rowed across the river to what is now Jersey City. There was no ceremony in this affecting leave-taking. It was simple and soldier-like, befitting the character of the men who in a long and heroic struggle had won freedom for their native land.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN English artist who came to America in the interests of one of the illustrated papers of London fell in with bad company in the course of his stay in Chicago. In the morning he had neither money nor any other valuables, but he remembered the faces of those who had been his companions. So he made portraits of them from memory, and took the pictures to the police, who arrested three of the "originals."

Some recent experiments of the veteran aeronauts the brothers Tissandier, made near Paris, seem to have been more satisfactory than any others that have ever been made in the way of aerial navigation. The balloon consisted of a cigar-shaped envelope, from which a bamboo car was suspended. It carried an electric motor, which moved a propeller, and could run for three hours without being replenished. A London engineering journal says that the aeronauts ascended to a height of five hundred meters, where they found the wind blowing at the rate of three meters a second, and "proved that they could outspeed and breast the wind, as well as steer the balloon in it."

At one of the weekly meetings of the Reformed pastors—why should these men of not unsavory antecedents designate themselves collectively by such a misleading word?—a paper was read on "The Difficulty of Reaching a Tenement-House with the Gospel," and that topic was discussed at considerable length. It is undoubtedly true that the difficulty complained of is real. So is the difficulty of reaching a tenement-house with soap. The first-named difficulty is largely an outgrowth of the second, and no better work could be carried on among the poor of New York than that which could be prosecuted by all lovers of mankind working together to give the toilers of this city homes in which cleanliness would be possible.

In a speech in England, a short time since, M. De Lesseps said that he had received from the engineers of the Panama Canal assurances that the waterway would be opened within five years. Not even in the fervor of the occasion did he indicate the value which he placed on those assurances. Five years is a brief period for doing the work that has been laid out.

Walking for walking's sake is said to be very fashionable in Washington these days. Pennsylvania Avenue, says a writer, is crowded every afternoon when the sky is bright. The usual autumnal influx of "bridal couples"—wretched expression!—has been large, and so fashionable has it been to roam the avenues that these contented ones have been compelled to turn out and walk too, under penalty of being looked upon as "queer" if they refused.

There is a little French restaurant in a down-town basement where many of the more youthful workers on the morning press take their dinners. Between six and eight o'clock in the evening there can usually be found at one of the tables some party of young journalists whose conversation has to do with the opera and the theatre exclusively, and consists chiefly of criticisms of the leading singers and actors, and of the methods of operatic and theatrical managers. A stranger might think that he was dining in the presence of the brilliant and powerful fellows who by a scratch of the pen make or unmake the reputations of those who claim a share of the honors of the stage. But his delusion would disappear when the loudly talking young men, after having lighted their cigarettes, confided to one another the nature of their tasks for the evening. It would then appear that they were not all about to betake themselves to opera-houses and theatres, but that one was to investigate the circumstances of a suicide in a lodging-house, another to linger on some ward politician's door-step till he should return and be interviewed, a third to make the round of the East Side police stations, and the other member of the party to perform some similar errand. When the stranger became better acquainted with the faces met there he would recognize among the men of more quiet demeanor some of the old and trustworthy workers in newspaper fields, whom long experience had made less blithe.

Lieutenant-Governor AMES and Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, were riding in the western part of the State—so the story goes—the Governor on the back seat of the carriage, and the Lieutenant-Governor facing him.

"Ames," said General Butler, after some moments of deep thought, "why are you now like the Democratic party?"

Mr. Ames promptly gave it up, as became a Lieutenant-Governor and a man riding backward, when assailed with a conundrum by a Governor and a man riding forward.

"Because," said the Governor, "you can't see anything till you have passed it."

The first railway in Spain was laid in 1848. It was fifteen and a half miles in length. In the next two years the railway system of the country grew just one mile and a half. Something has been added to it in every succeeding year, until there are now about six thousand miles of railway in Spain.

A writer in a San Francisco paper describes a "bee cave" which he claims to have seen in the mountains north of San Bernardino, California. He writes that in the side of a perpendicular cliff is an opening large enough to admit a man standing upright, which widens as it goes back into the mountain. How far it extends back no one knows. It has been in the possession of the bees during many years, for great sheets of honeycomb, blackened by age, hang from its roof and sides. Continuous streams of bees are pouring in and out. An enterprising settler has boarded up the mouth of the cave, leaving a grated opening for the bees, and when he wants some honey he puts on a wire mask, goes in, and cuts down as much comb as he desires.

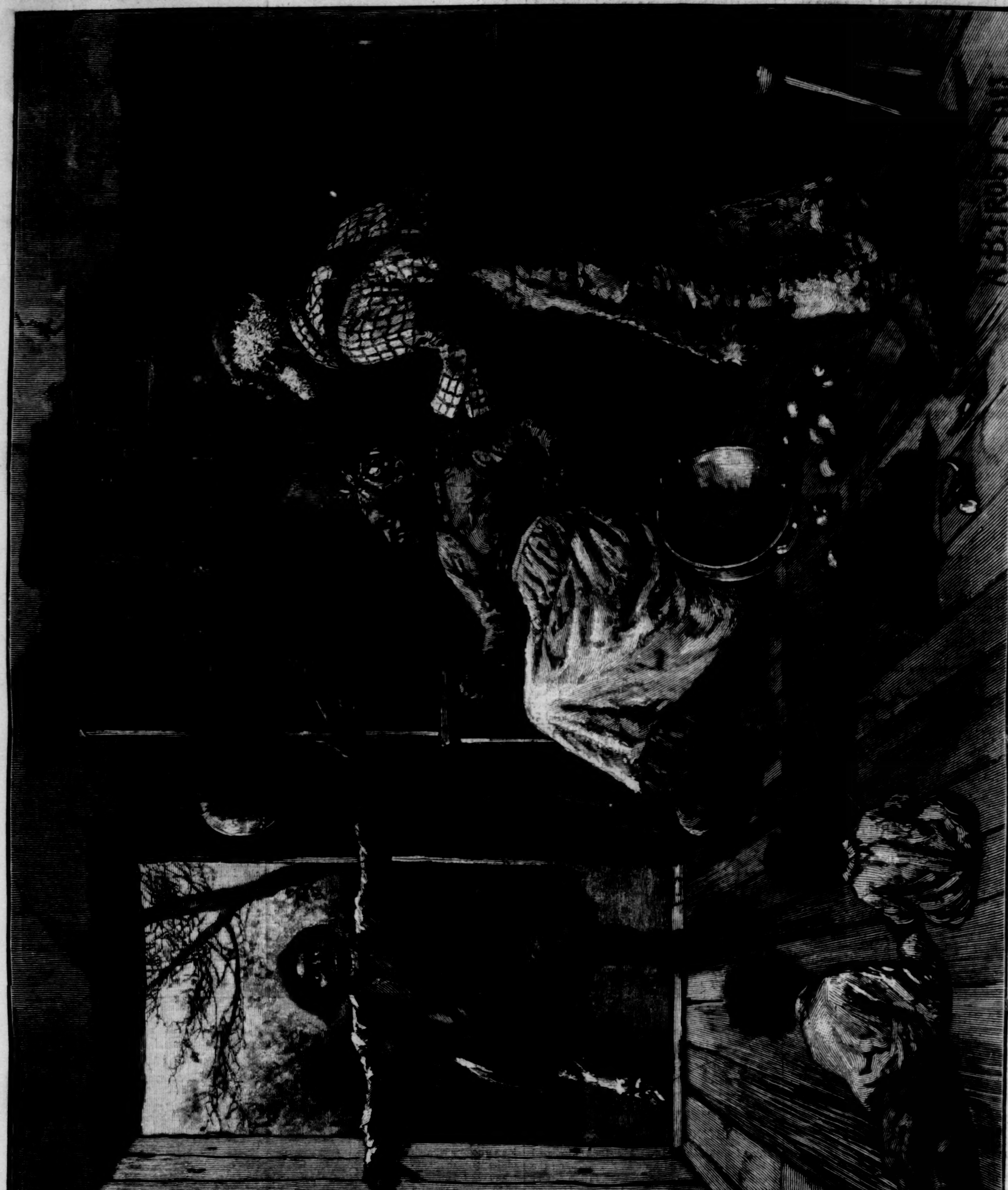
According to a Russian statistician, whose name seems to be Narees Jarrasenko Otreschkoff, the people of the world from the time of Noah till the days of Christopher Columbus took from the earth gold and silver of the value of about ninety-two hundred million dollars. Mr. Otreschkoff does not tell where he got the figures as to the pan-outs of Solomon's Argonauts in the land of Ophir.

A still shorter way than calling it by the number of the meridian has been found for designating the standard time of each of the five divisions between ocean and ocean. Instead of "seventy-five time," the standard in this division is to be called "red time." It came about in this way: On the map prepared by Mr. Allen, showing the advantages of the new system, the several divisions of territory were in different colors, beginning with brown for the Eastern provinces, and following on toward the West with red, blue, green, and yellow in the order named. Thus we have red time for New York and yellow time for San Francisco. It is a good illustration of the wonderful importance of the railroads in this country that railway time has taken the place of local time, even where the difference was half an hour. It has been decided that operations in the Federal buildings throughout the republic must be timed according to the meridian of the place, for the reason that only Congress can change the government's method of timing its doings; but it has already been shown that the railway mail service of the Post-office Department must be conducted by railway time, and an exceptional order recognizing the necessity has gone forth.

AND STILL THEY COME.

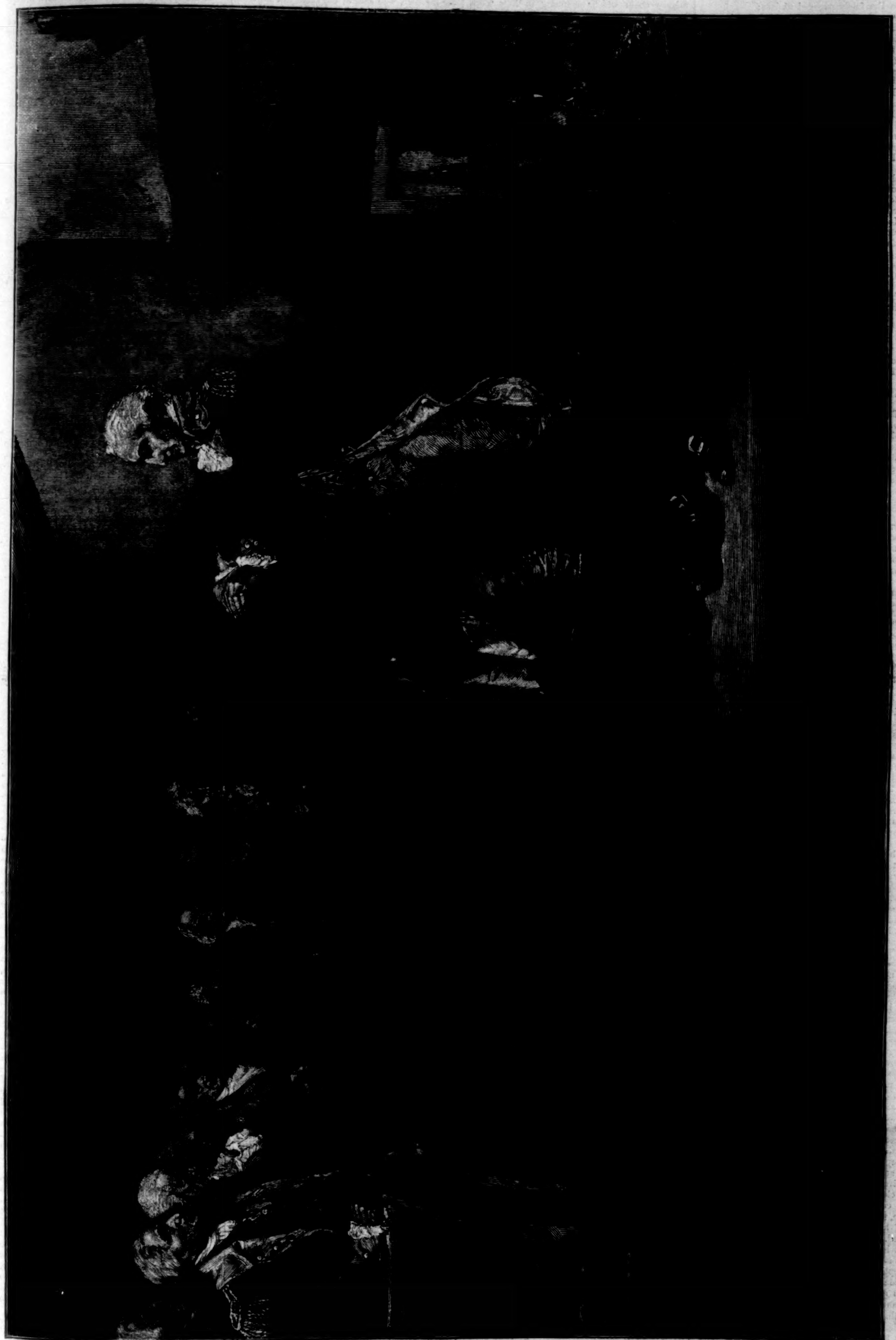
J. B. "I take it you know me, Samuel."

U. SAM. "Wa'al, I should smile! Blowed if I see what you fellers left for, anyway."



NO THANKSGIVING DINNER FOR THE JOHNSING FAMILY.

"Somebody done stole de Shoat!"



WASHINGTON TAKING LEAVE OF HIS OFFICERS, DECEMBER 4, 1783.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 767.]

ENGAGED.

And so I'm fairly engaged at last;
In the meshes of Cupid's net held fast!
I can't forget it, for, turn where I may,
The ring on my finger seems to say,
With its glitter and flash: "You're no longer your own;
And you'd better let flirting and folly alone."

Now, Belle, do help me a bit, there's a dear,
To empty this drawer full of relics here—
Trophies of last year's "season," you see,
When I had the jolliest times at B——,
And no more dreamed than the man in the moon
That Fred and I would—ahem!—so soon.

He followed me round, as the others did,
As though I were "put up for the highest bid":
And to tell the truth, in learning the art
Of flirting, one injures a trifle the heart.
And I—well, here is a photograph
Of—surely you've seen him. Now pray don't laugh.

A pair of gloves and some faded flowers,
Relics of sweet last summer's hours.
A broken fan—oh, Willie broke that.
I broke his heart, he said: tit for tat!
And here's a button: I think it came
From the uniform of young What's-his-name.

Those gloves?—well, throw them away: I wore
Them riding with Clark three times or more.
Of course I know it is only right
That I should forever put out of sight
These nice old relics, since never more
Can I live the same old jolly times o'er.

But, Belle, my dear, now, honest and true,
If I had this "engagement" over to do,
I think—I think—between you and I,
If Fred didn't mind, I really would try,
For the sake of one more summer of fun,
To postpone the engagement till summer were done!

AMERICAN BODIES.

Recent years have seen great changes in the out-door life of our youth. The ball-player of 1863 would be a tyro now. He would be bothered enough when he found that instead of knocking the ball anywhere, it must fall within a comparatively narrow angle or be "foul." The foot-ball player would be lost in the maze of technicality of the present Rugby game, and could not define a "touch-down" or a "punt-about" were he paid roundly for it. A university oarsman of that day would be all of twenty-five pounds too light for a place in the eight to-day. The influence of Tom Brown on American sports by land and water has been greater, perhaps, than that of any other Englishman. Had he introduced us to hare and hounds alone, we might well thank him, for a better sport for most American youth could hardly be devised. But the pupil has been apt, and England must come to this side to-day to learn to scull, to row, or to box. Whom has she ready to match against Hanlan, the Ward brothers, or Sullivan in their respective lines?

And the years which have seen these changes have been wholesome ones. Athletic matters have nearly found their level. It is doubtful if we ever again see the thirteen college crews abreast, the many hundred entries at a single field meeting, and the whole nation watching the score of a go-as-you-please foot-race. Records have been steadily cut down, crack performance in all the recognized events have been so accurately gauged, and the distance which man can jump, or throw ball or hammer, has been so often measured, that twenty years more can hardly better the score much in any of these lines. And instead of making them mere pastime, men have trained for them at large expense and with great care, and have given them their entire time and thought, for money, until a great professional oarsman, ball-player, wrestler, boxer, or pedestrian makes a larger income than almost any college president in the land.

But this reaching fine performance in these many lines of manly sport has not been without its lessons. Now that shells and canoes are housed, and foot-ball is at present king, look at the youth who, this week, on a thousand fields, are struggling for the mastery, willing almost to lay down their lives if only their side may win the goal, and what do we see? The ones who most need vigorous out-door work, do they compose these rival teams? By no means. It is the pick and flower of the whole school, the heroes of a hundred fights, to whom are intrusted the fair name of Michigan or Wesleyan, Columbia, Princeton, or Yale. Look through that little observation window, a foot and a half square, of the crew-room at the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard at five o'clock this afternoon, and the eight massive fellows swaying back and forth there with clock-like precision under the sharp yells of their coach, hoping again, seven long months hence, to show Yale the stern of their boat, look as if bodily exercise was the last thing they needed. But the pale spectacled student in the great hall outside, what is doing for him?—for eight men out of fourteen hundred leaves quite a perceptible majority. Have we yet managed to provide for the bodily education of most of our youth at all? Left to be their own tutors, the apt and the strong have shone in the sports; but they have with unerring certainty crowded out their weaker brethren, the very ones who, far more than they, needed any work which should bring them sound, hale bodies.

Nor to the student only is this neglect confined; for, much as we boast of our educational advantages, but one youth in a hundred to-day gets in this country a collegiate education. Stand this evening at the door of any factory of all the mighty chain which, beginning in New York city, stretches on up the Sound, up the Connecticut Valley, through central Massachusetts, and on up the Merrimac, and see the hundreds of thousands of men and women starting for their homes. How many of them are erect of carriage? How many move with strength and ease? What proportion of them are thoroughly deep-chested and well made, not in parts of the body, but in all the body, and in every limb? Not one in a score. The parts their ten hours of labor call into play are strong and useful, and the rest small and neglected. Most clerks and salesmen are still worse off. Even on the farm, with all its grand vigor and freedom, the same thing stands out. The parts used get strong. The rest do not. Many wondered in the war why farmers could not walk. But what farmer ever walks? If it is a single mile, or even half a mile, to the mill, or store, or station, he must hitch up. Most farmers never walked twenty miles in one day, and probably never will. But many postmen do it every day, and up and down a thousand stairs besides.

England has taught us many lessons in the use and development of our bodies. But the day she will so impress on every in-door man and woman in this country the almost priceless value of the vigorous constitutional, so common among the well-to-do on her own busy island, that every one shall, as do Ericsson and Bancroft at eighty, make as sure of their hour or more of sharp exercise daily as they do of their breakfasts, she will increase the working capacity of our countrymen to an extent that they will never, till they make actual trial of it, believe.

William Blaikie.

"THE HALF-REASONING BEAVER."

It is an American humorist who says that one of the first and holiest passions of man is that of making mud pies. He goes on to say that it is also one of his latest. He begins as a child by messing about on the ground, and when he grows up concentrates his hopes and his ambitions on possessing a piece of that same ground as his own.

In this the beaver approaches somewhat in character to man. It never grows out of this weakness for dabbling in mud. Half its life is spent in making it into little heaps and patting them down smooth with its tail. Its tail was evidently designed for this purpose, or, if not, it is a wonderful example of development on the Darwinian theory. It would be difficult for beavers to buy such tails ready made: they have to grow them. For they can never lie about missing, are flat below and rounded above, heavy yet conveniently weighted; something like a good fives bat, with all the wood in the right place, and springy in the handle. One judicious flap with a beaver's tail will settle as much mortar as an average mason would spread with his trowel in a morning—if working by the hour. Yet this does not make them proud. They are too matter-of-fact to be vain. Though they are double-barrelled, as it were—a carpenter at one end and a mason at the other, they are always as diligent as an apprentice in his first week, and as intelligent. Nothing puts them out. If they want a log of wood, they go out in a family party all together and get it. Propping themselves up on their tails, one on each side of the tree they have chosen, they begin cutting their way into the wood with their wonderful chisel teeth, with an industry which is so inspiriting to watch that the spectator feels half inclined to go down on all fours himself and help. And when they see the tree is about to fall, they get out of the way. In this they are more sagacious than monkeys and some men. For there is no instance on record of a beaver ever having had a tree fall upon him.

Man for his many wants and fancies has to make use of nearly everything that breathes, and more or less sympathy attaches to all his victims. It is hard for the innocent old hippopotamus wallowing in the Zambesi to be shot for food by Portuguese travellers, as it is for the tiny ortolan to be netted to furnish our tables with becaficoes in aspic. Like the carpenter in *Wonderland*, we greatly sympathize with oysters, but nevertheless we sort out those of the largest size.

Yet none of our victims, furred or feathered, deserves, perhaps, more sincere commiseration than those sturdy, indefatigable little workers, the beavers. They are fast being exterminated, as many as two hundred thousand skins coming in a season into the market, and, moreover, continual trapping makes them so shy that they are leaving waters which they lately haunted, and beginning to congregate more than they did in particular spots, thus facilitating further slaughter. There are few Hiawathas nowadays in beaver-land to make friends with the soft-furred creatures and befriend them. They carry their death-warrant on their backs, and it is as much as their lives are worth to leave the imprint of their feet or tails upon the muddy river-banks. A quick-eyed trapper marks the tell-tale impression, and next day sets the strong-jawed trap, cunningly baiting the spot with some strong-scented "beaver medicine"—cloves or fennel seed, cassia, anise-seed, thyme, asafœtida, or any other drug of pungent and lasting odor—so that the passing beaver, tempted by the scent, may turn from the water to investigate the cause of the sudden fragrance, and, sniffing about too curiously, may spring the trigger-plate of the concealed trap, and find itself a captive in those ruthless fangs of steel. When caught, the beaver behaves constantly with all that Spartan heroism which fable has attributed to other animals, and gnaws off the entrapped limb, so that when the fur hunter goes round in the morning, an average of one beaver in every three that has been caught is considered a fair take. Many of us—those, for instance, who look at the small hut-builders only from our own (the human) side of nature—regard this courageous trait only as it affects the fur trade; but when we think of it from the beaver's side, and picture to ourselves the number of those busy folk that go about their work maimed and crippled from the trap, there is a curious pathos in the silent, uncomplaining life of the little moralists of the Western stream.

If a harmless, secluded, and busy life could suffice to secure safety, the beaver should certainly be secure; for who could kill the small builder that passes its life in sawing up logs on the banks of unfrequented streams, in laboriously piling them together into wigwams for the family use, and laying up stores of bark and edible twigs? Left alone with its skin on a well-wooded river-side, the beaver would have annoyed no one, indulging in mud pies to its heart's content, and keeping its teeth sharp by constant filing. Its skin, however, is an unpardonable offense in the trapper's eyes, and it is hunted down, therefore, as if it were a criminal, simply because it lives inside its own fur. The wolf that desolates the sheep-fold and carries off children has comparatively a larger measure of immunity than the innocent beaver, for no one can forgive it for having such a fur. In fables we are told that the castor, when pursued for the sake of its scent pouch, bites off the perilous possession, and thus saves its life.

Another step in courage is all that is needed, for if the beaver would only flay itself, and consent to go about skinless, trappers would leave it in perpetual peace. They might saw up all the cottonwood on the continent into any lengths they chose without a word of molestation, and build up for themselves with the fragments towers that would reach to the clouds, if they pleased.

Yet, after all, it seems a heavy price to pay for immunity that one should go without his skin, and almost beneath the dignity of humanity to exact it. The world has indeed come to a pretty pass if man will let these harmless little river-folk alone only on condition that they shall peel off their own fur.

Poets make little use of this delightful animal—"the beaver that with patient teeth cuts his timber." It is used now and again as expressive of wild nature, as in Bryant's

> "No tree was felled in all that world of woods
> Save by the beaver's tooth";

or of solitude, as in Brainard's

> "The beaver feeds
> Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds";

or of remoteness from human habitation, as in Hoffman's

> "Our home shall be by the cool night stream
> Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat";

or to denote the retirement of wild life before the rapid advance of population and civilization in America:

> "But the beaver builds
> No longer by these streams, but far away,
> On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
> The white man's face: among Missouri's springs
> And pools whose issue swells the Oregon
> He rears his little Venice."

Once and again, too, as an accident of a trapper's or an Indian's life, the beaver's lodge, or dam, or pelt is mentioned. But there seems to me to be whole poems in the animal which are altogether wasted. How it adds to the romance of a stream, how it lengthens out the poetical past, to be told that there "used to be beavers in it." An English poet, speaking of the Tivy, writes:

> "More famous long agone than for the salmon's leap,
> For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred
> What else no other brooke of Britiane nourished,
> Where nature, in the shape of this now-perisht beast,
> This propertie did seeme t' have woundrouslie exprest,
> Being bodied like a beast, with such a myghtie taile
> As served him for a bridge, a helme, or for a saile."

Drayton's zoology was a trifle defective, but, after all, it was an improvement upon Spenser's, who includes the "bever" in his catalogue of hybrid monsters. Darwin speaks of "the half-reasoning beaver," and Campbell, Shelley, Mackay, Oldham, Ben Jonson, and perhaps one or two others, refer to the animal incidentally. But taken altogether, American and English, the beaver strikes me as a conspicuously neglected incident of nature.

"Hiawatha" is, of course, a notable exception, and the poet, tracing the first efforts of the red man to ameliorate his condition by developing the resources of his forests, streams, and prairies, and allegorizing the natural religion of the tribes, accords to the beaver the prominence which belongs to it both in wild nature and in the social economy of the people of the wigwams. It is specially enumerated among the chief gifts of Gitche Manito to his children; among the totems of the tribes; among the prominent allegories of nature. "The lodges of the beaver" are acknowledged as one of the sources of the poem's inspiration, and the secrets of the beaver were one of Hiawatha's attainments in occult knowledge. Kwasind's capture of Ahmeek, the beaver king, is the crowning exploit of "the very strong" man's story; while the storming of the beavers' lodge where Pau-puk-Keewis had taken refuge is the most notable incident of Hiawatha's vengeful pursuit of the demoralizing spirit. Furs of beaver precede those of sable and ermine in the spoils of the mighty Megissogwon's wigwam, and also in the furniture of Hiawatha's lodge. Dressing the pelt is one of the chief accomplishments of Ojibway women, and the skin is used in the sacred medicine procession of the great Medas, the Wabenos, the magician, and the Jossakeeds, the prophets.

In the episode of Pau-puk-Keewis as a beaver king the description of the animals is very exact and felicitous. The fugitive from the wrath of Hiawatha has reached the beavers' dam, and begs to be given an asylum.

> "From the bottom rose a beaver,
> Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
> Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
> At the stranger."

But it declines to agree off-hand to Pau-puk-Keewis's request:

> "With reserve he then made answer:
> 'Let me first consult the others,
> Let me ask the other beavers.'
> Down he sank into the water,
> Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
> Down among the leaves and branches,
> Brown and matted at the bottom."

After a short interval of sickening suspense for the hunted Pau-puk-Keewis,

> "From the bottom rose the beavers,
> Silently above the surface
> Rose one head, and then another,
> Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
> Full of black and shining faces;"

and, satisfied with their inspection of the stranger, invite him to join them. So

> "Down into the pond among them
> Silently sank Pau-puk-Keewis.
> Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
> Black his moccasins and leggings;
> In a broad black tail behind him
> Spread his fox tails and his fringes:
> He was changed into a beaver....
> Silently sank Pau-puk-Keewis;
> Found the bottom covered over
> With the trunks of trees and branches,
> Hoards of food against the winter,
> Piles and heaps against the famine;
> Found the lodge, with open doorway
> Leading into spacious chambers."

But he has little leisure to enjoy the kingship which the beavers proceed to bestow upon him, for on a sudden the cry is raised of "The hunters!—Hiawatha, with his hunters!"

> "Then they heard a cry above them,
> Heard a shouting and a tramping,
> Heard a crashing and a rushing,
> And the water round and o'er them
> Sank and sucked away in eddies,
> And they knew their dam was broken.
> On the lodge's roof the hunters
> Leaped and broke it all asunder;
> Streamed the sunshine through the crevice;
> Sprang the beavers through the doorway"—

and left poor Pau-puk-Keewis to his fate.

Phil Robinson.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. Norris,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I AM TAKEN TO THE OPERA.

"Blessed," runs the modern adage, "are they that expect little, for they shall not be disappointed;" and doubtless we are all too prone to form an exaggerated estimate of what is due to ourselves and to society at large from the mass of our fellow-creatures. Great injuries—which commonly arise out of great temptations, for which the philosophic mind can make allowance—are comparatively easy to pardon; it is the minor and meaner offenses, such as perhaps our own guardian angel may have been called upon at one time or another to make a note of—it is the shabby little scandals, the ingratitudes, the infidelities, of every-day life, that cause us to cry aloud in our anguish that mankind is corrupt, and altogether become abominable. For my own part, by dint of growing old, and making use of such small powers of observation as I possess, I have, I believe, schooled myself into something not unlike the beatific state of mind above mentioned; but thirty years ago I was, as a matter of course, much more exacting. Human nature did not at that period of my life strike me as being at all a complex affair, and I had little difficulty in dividing mankind roughly into two categories, namely, good fellows and scoundrels. Liars, I need hardly say, were *ex officio* members of the latter class, and after what had occurred at Richmond I really could not see my way to exempt Harry from the penalties attaching to the denomination under which his conduct necessarily brought him. I remembered now with bitterness what my uncle had told me long before about his son's habitual mendacity, and, without stopping to ask why the culprit's past sins had seemed to me so much less heinous than his present one, I anathematized myself for having been such a fool as to think the same fountain could give forth sweet water and bitter.

One thing was certain—I could not attempt to associate with Harry upon the old terms, or to feign ignorance of his duplicity. I felt fully entitled and very much inclined to write him a short note, saying that I had found him out, that I should abstain from saying a word that might prejudice him in my uncle's eyes, but that, since he preferred intrigues to plain dealing, he must expect no more aid from me. For Jimmy's sake, however, I would not do that; only I took care to be out all day, in order to avoid a passing visit from my cousin, and I determined to go down to Richmond no more.

It would have been a relief to me to tell Lady Constance of the distressing discovery that I had made. Not that I should have been likely to get much pity from her, for she would certainly have

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

both thought and said that I was rightly served; but all my life long I have experienced a necessity for relating my various troubles, immediately after their occurrence, to somebody, and, like most people who own to that kind of weakness, I have seldom lacked patient listeners. It was, however, out of the question that I should take Lady Constance into my confidence in this matter, for Harry had repeatedly and pointedly mentioned her as one of the persons whom he especially desired to keep in the dark as to his identity, and his having been false to me did not, of course, release me from the promises that I had made to him.

For the rest, Lady Constance was far indeed from entertaining any suspicions of the insignificant Chapman, and my lugubrious looks, which she very soon noticed, were attributed by her to dissatisfaction with her treatment of me—a form of ingratitude that never failed to provoke her to anger.

"What is it that you want?" she asked, impatiently, one evening when I had been dining with her, and, according to my custom, had outstaid her other guests. "You sit there with a face as long as one of Mr. Sotheran's harangues; you won't talk to people and do your duty to society; you make yourself supremely ridiculous, if you only knew it. Do you imagine that you are the only person in the world with whom life goes askew? I myself have anxieties enough and to spare; yet I manage to show a tolerably unconcerned face to my friends."

"You can do a great many things that I can't," I observed.

"Very possibly; I shall not contradict you there. But patience and self-control are virtues within the reach of the humblest capacity, and if you possess neither, it is because you don't choose to be at the pains of acquiring them. How foolish you are not to enjoy the present and make the most of it! The present does not satisfy you? Wait, then."

"How long?" I asked. "Until I lose what I am waiting for?"

Lady Constance struck the palm of her hand sharply with her fan. "You are assuming the pettishness of a spoiled boy," she exclaimed; "and I detest spoiled boys. You were much pleasanter at Franzenshöhe."

Now it so chanced that that was exactly what I was thinking of at the moment, though I didn't like to say so.

"Come!" she said presently, in a more amiable tone; "what shall I do to put you in a good humor? Will you come to the Opera with me?"

"Isn't it rather late?" I objected, looking at my watch; for I infinitely preferred staying where I was.

"Oh no; we shall hear the last two acts of the *Puritani*, and that is enough in all conscience. Anyhow, I mean to go; you can do as you like about accompanying me."

To be taken to the play against one's will is a small hardship enough, and is submitted to uncomplainingly by a great many people every night of the year; yet at this particular moment I chafed against the tacit command which obliged me to answer mechanically that I should be delighted. Was I to be Lady Constance's bond-slave for the rest of my natural life? Would it always be sufficient for her to raise her little finger in order to turn me round it? And in the very improbable event of my ever becoming her husband, would such unconditional submission on my part be calculated to win her respect? I asked myself these questions while she went away to make some change in her dress, and afterward while we drove rapidly through the streets toward Covent Garden. I was not angry with her; for it is evident that if a man chooses to prostrate himself at a woman's feet, she will hardly be able to avoid treading upon him—I was not angry with her; but I was angry with myself for having assumed so unbecoming an attitude, and still more so for being unable to abandon it.

It so chanced that we reached the Opera during an *entr'acte*, and our entrance into the large and somewhat conspicuously placed box which some one had lent to Lady Constance for the evening consequently aroused an amount of notice which it might not have done a little earlier or later. Independent as Lady Constance was in her habits, and little as she cared about ruffling the prejudices of the British matron, she seldom chose to place herself in a really compromising position, and to appear at the Opera attended by one young man only was undoubtedly a compromising act, so far as it went. I had not thought of this before; but I realized it fully when I saw that eyes and opera-glasses were being brought to bear upon us from all quarters of the house, and I wondered whether she realized it also. I saw people staring at us and whispering together; I could guess pretty well what they were saying. I knew that for the moment my name was upon the lips of a large proportion of the audience. But, truth to tell, all this neither disconcerted nor displeased me. From what I can remember of my own feelings, and from what I have observed of others, I am inclined to believe that young men generally glory in situations which at a more advanced period of life we learn to regard with holy horror. I had no objection to being spoken of as one whom Lady Constance Milner delighted to honor; it did not strike me that any of those who thus spoke of me would be likely to be laughing in their sleeves. I was conscious, indeed, of an amiable wish that Mr. Sotheran might be somewhere among the spectators.

But before the curtain rose again my silly vanity was snuffed out in an unexpected fashion. While I was surveying the house languidly, and scrutinizing the various boxes and their occupants, a face came on a sudden within the field of my vision which caused me to lower my glasses and to turn hot and cold all over. Since I was so willing to advertise myself as Lady Constance's favored suitor, it would have been difficult to say why I should have minded Miss Dennison's recognition of me in that character, but I did mind it. I minded it so much that if escape had seemed in any way practicable I should most certainly have arisen and fled without more ado. As it was, I sat motionless, unable to remove my eyes from her, and aware that she, for her part, was gazing steadily and somewhat eagerly in my direction. My sight as a young man was remarkably good, and I could distinguish every detail of Maud's features across the intervening space as clearly as if she had been within a few feet of me. I saw that she was looking, not at my companion, but at me. Her lips were slightly parted; her large gray eyes were opened rather widely. I almost fancied that she wished to attract my attention. At last I felt bound to bow, and received a nod in return. Then I glanced at Lady Constance, and perceived that none of this by-play had been lost upon her.

"You look quite overcome," she remarked, with something not very far removed from a sneer in her smile. "May I ask whether the young woman over the way is our old friend Dulcinea Dennison?"

The nickname of Dulcinea was inappropriate and offensive, but I thought perhaps I had better not take exception to it. "It is Miss Dennison," I replied, a trifle sullenly.

Lady Constance raised her opera-glasses, adjusted them deliberately, and made a lengthy and careful inspection of Maud, after which she delivered her verdict, without any sort of regard for my feelings. "She is pretty, extremely pretty, in her way. If you still possess any influence with her, though, you should use it to dissuade her from sitting with her mouth open: a habit of that kind would be enough to make Venus herself look like a booby. But I believe all the Norfolk rustics have mouths from ear to ear, have they not?"

Now, as I have already hinted, I had been vaguely desirous of picking a quarrel with Lady Constance all the evening, but this really outrageous speech would have roused my ire at any time. "She is *not* a Norfolk rustic," I retorted, hotly. "Her mouth is simply perfect in shape, as anybody can see; and as for her sitting with it open—well, I must say that you yourself yawn more often than any one that I ever saw or heard of."

My rudeness did not provoke Lady Constance, who only laughed slightly. "But I am always careful to conceal my yawns behind my hand," she observed. "Besides, I am not pretty, so it doesn't signify. You have not quite got over your first love, after all, I see."

"You know very well that that is not true—" I was beginning, but she laid her finger on my arm and stopped me.

"We won't wrangle over it in public, please," she said, still laughing. "Do you know that you are as red as a turkey-cock, and that everybody is staring at you? Very likely Miss Dennison only opened her perfect mouth in horror at the sight of you in your present predicament—which would show what a well-brought-up young woman she must be. She is quite right; I am neither old nor ugly enough to dispense with the safety of numbers, and in my heart I am dreadfully frightened of Mrs. Grundy into the bargain. Let us hasten to put a stop to the scandal. Quite down there, in the left-hand corner, near the entrance to the stalls, you will see a large white patch standing out of the shade: it is the waistcoat of Mr. Sotheran. Go down and fetch him. We will not have him alone, though, on account of Miss Dennison's mouth and Mrs. Grundy's tongue. In other parts of the house you will discover other acquaintances. Tell them all to come up here and talk to me. As for you, you had better go and talk to Miss Dennison."

"Thank you; I think I will," answered I, defiantly; though I had no intention of doing anything of the kind.

I carried out my instructions; I collected the gratified Sotheran and two other men; and then, retiring to the back of the box, gave myself up to disconsolate meditation. I was by way of being offended with Lady Constance, both on account of the ill-natured manner in which she had spoken of Maud, and of the readiness she had shown to dispense with my society; but soon I abandoned this pretended grievance, and acknowledged inwardly that it was not with Lady Constance, her sayings or her doings, that I was dissatisfied, but with my own life, and with what I had made of it. The four people in front of me were keeping up a brisk interchange of chatter and chaff; even after the curtain rose three of them continued to talk in an under-tone, only Mr. Sotheran, who occupied the place which I had vacated, relapsing into serene, radiant silence. None of them took any notice of me; nor did I pay much attention to their proceedings. While they were whispering together, while solo, chorus, and recitative were succeeding one another on the stage, while bouquets were being thrown and hands clapped, I was wandering in spirit far away from all that noise, heat, and glitter. I was sitting in a punt among the tall reeds of Thirlby Broad; I was standing in the conservatory at the old Rectory, the cold moon shining upon the glass, upon the colorless flowers, and upon a shadowy white figure bent over them: in a melancholy procession the lost days of my youth were passing before me, and every now and again I was muttering inaudibly, "Oh, you ass!—you unspeakable ass!"

Thus it came to pass that at the end of the act I yielded to an impulse which had been growing upon me for half an hour or more, and, slipping quietly out into the corridor, passed round to the door of the box which was occupied by Maud and her friends. I was at once admitted, and was presently shaking hands with Mrs. Saville—that sister of the Rector's under whose roof Maud's childhood had been spent, and with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I was introduced to her daughter, and the two ladies received me with that modified civility which is all that a young man without definite intentions or definite prospects is entitled to expect; but from Maud herself I met with a much warmer greeting.

"Oh, Charley," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come! I was afraid you didn't intend to speak to me, and I was thinking of making a signal to you; only Aunt Charlotte said it wouldn't be proper." Then she bent forward and added, in a lower tone, "I want rather particularly to talk to you about something."

The opportune entrance at this moment of an eligible young gentleman, upon whom Mrs. Saville bestowed a motherly smile of welcome, enabled me to reply that I was all attention. Maud ceded her place to the new-comer, who dropped into it without much protestation, and, withdrawing into the background, beckoned to me to follow her. I asked her whether she was going to stay any time in London, and she answered that she would probably remain a few weeks with her aunt. "But my real reason for coming up now," she added, "was that I hoped to see you. Charley, you must go home at once—*at once*, mind. Things are going badly there."

I was startled for an instant; but her meaning flashed across me directly. "I know what it is," I said. "Mrs. Farquhar has found Harry, and means to bring him back to Thirlby."

"Yes, that is it; but there is worse than that. I am afraid your uncle is giving way. My father says he is sure of it, and that he hasn't seen Mr. Le Marchant in such low spirits for years. You seem amused; but I can assure you there is nothing to laugh at. I believe your only chance is to go down and see him immediately, and I came to London to tell you so. You will go, won't you, Charley?" she concluded, persuasively. "You won't be so silly as to ruin yourself, when a word or two might set everything straight!"

"It's awfully kind of you to interest yourself about me," said I; "but—"

"What nonsense!" she interrupted. "Of course I interest myself about you, and I hate to be called 'kind' by my friends."

"Very well," I answered, laughing; "then I'll endeavor not to call you 'kind' any more. But don't you see that even if, as you say, I could set things straight by a word or two, I should be bound to hold my tongue? The real truth is that no words will ever move my uncle in one direction or the other; but, anyhow, I have always thought, and still think, that Harry has been unjustly treated, and that he ought to have his own again."

"Perhaps so; but let us at least have fair play. If Mr. Le Marchant, after all these years, suddenly discovers that he has done his son an injustice, and determines to have him back again, well and good. But what I do object to is that he should be put in your place because he is supposed to be a steadier fellow than you are."

"I don't know that any one supposes that," said I.

"Of course not: you don't know anything about it. But *I* know. Mrs. Farquhar has done you a great deal more harm than you think. She goes about everywhere saying that you are extravagant and idle, and—and—well, all sorts of disagreeable things that are not true."

"But perhaps they are true," said I.

"I don't believe it," answered Maud, stoutly. "Mrs. Farquhar makes a great deal of a small farm being put up for sale; but Mr. Le Marchant himself told my father that you had not asked him for a penny; and as for the rest—well, perhaps that is not true either. But even if it were—"

She paused here, and I inquired what further iniquities had been laid to my charge.

"Will you be offended if I tell you?" she asked. "It isn't worth while to repeat little shrewish speeches and hints; the sum and substance of it all is that Mrs. Farquhar suspects you of wanting to marry somebody who will eat up the property."

This was a subject upon which I was not disposed to enter. "I can't make out about my uncle's wanting to part with land," I said; "it is very unlike him to do that. Do you know which farm it is that he means to dispose of?"

"Deepham, I believe. It is poor land, you know; but the Welbys have always had a hankering after it because it juts into their property, and my father says Sir Digby will give more for it than it is worth. At all events, Mrs. Farquhar was not telling the truth in saying that Mr. Le Marchant needed the money to pay your debts."

"No; she certainly was not," I agreed; "but if it amuses her to tell lies, she's welcome: it doesn't hurt me. By George!" I exclaimed, in a sudden access of disgust with the entire human race, "I believe everybody tells lies except you and me and Uncle Bernard!"

"Won't you even make an exception in favor of Lady Constance Milner?" asked Maud, with a slightly malicious smile. "Is that Lady Constance in the box opposite?"

I answered gloomily that it was.

"She is distinguished-looking," observed Maud; "and she seems to have plenty to say for herself. Tell me, Charley, is it really true that you want to marry her?"

"Down at Hailsham you laughed at the idea of my doing such a thing," I remarked.

"Did I? Well, I am not laughing now; and I want very much to know whether you are in earnest about her."

"Oh, I suppose so," I answered, in a sort of despair. "I don't know. Sometimes I think I am, and sometimes I think I am not. However, she won't marry me now that Harry is to have Thirlby; so it doesn't matter."

Maud frowned thoughtfully. "She can not very well marry you if she is badly off, and if you have only a few hundreds a year. But if you are in earnest—and I think you must be—you ought, for her sake, to stand up for yourself."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, irritably, "you are very anxious to see me married to her! Luckily, I am not in a position to yield to temptation. If my uncle has decided to forgive Harry, it is not because of anything that Mrs. Farquhar has said against me: I am as certain of that as I am of my own existence. I don't think that there can be any harm in my telling you now that I met Harry a long time ago, and that I have been doing my best ever since to smooth the way for his return."

Maud looked completely puzzled, and confessed that she was so. "I am convinced that Mr. Le Marchant is displeased with you," she said at last, "and my father thinks the same thing. Tell me about this young man. What do you think of him?"

"He isn't a young man any longer," I answered. "Honestly speaking, I don't think much of him. At first I liked him; but he told me a very shabby sort of lie the other day, and I can't get over it. I shall let him play his own hand now. Of course I shall not stand in his way, but I don't mean to help him again. To be sure, I couldn't help him much if I would."

Maud was about to make some rejoinder; but the rising of the curtain and the departure of the eligible youth put a stop to confidential intercourse, and she only managed to say, as I was bidding her good-night, "You will go to Thirlby, won't you?"

"I won't promise," answered I. "As far as I can see at present, my going there would do no earthly good."

Then I returned to Lady Constance's box in a less sentimental but not much more cheerful frame of mind than that in which I had quitted it. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Sotheran was kind enough to congratulate me, in a loud, sonorous voice, upon my good fortune in having been accorded so lengthy an interview by the beautiful girl opposite. "We all saw you," said he. "A very charming young lady, upon my word! May I venture to ask her name?"

Lady Constance answered for me. "That young lady," she said, laughing, "is a Miss Dennison, an old flame of Mr. Maxwell's. They broke a sixpence together in their childhood, and when he left his happy home she gave him a 'bacca-box marked with his name, or some other token of her regard. And she has never been false, she declares—whatever he may have been during his wanderings. Don't look so angry, Mr. Maxwell; they are all envying you, especially Mr. Sotheran, who is innocent of having broken any sixpences or hearts in his life."

So we made our way down the staircase; but when I was handing Lady Constance into her brougham she turned upon me all of a sudden with a cold look of contempt. "After all," said she, "you are not worth much."

She was gone before I had time to ask her what she meant; and I walked away westward, wondering whether it was possible that she could be jealous of Maud.

CHAPTER XXX.

I RECEIVE ADVICE FROM HARRY AND MR. SOTHERAN.

It falls to the lot of most men, at one time or another of their lives, to be compelled to look through the papers of a deceased friend or relative; and some people, if one may judge by their subsequent oracular utterances and shakings of the head, do not find this task a wholly distasteful one. It is apt, no doubt, to lead to highly interesting discoveries, to throw broad and unexpected lights upon the character of the defunct, and to add something to the searcher's stock of knowledge and wisdom. Nevertheless, the act of prying into the private letters of a dead man might seem, if it did not come under the head of a duty, to be not very far removed from the quintessence of meanness; and therefore, let us hope, there will always be a certain number of honest folks in the world who, after performing it, will go about for some days with shamed faces and depressed spirits. Perhaps, upon the whole, it is more charitable to prevent the risk of honest persons being put to shame by destroying all letters of a strictly private nature while one is still in a position to destroy them; and, for my own part, I have always endeavored to act upon this principle. When I die, my heirs, executors, and assigns will not find themselves overburdened with manuscript. In the dispatch-box which stands upon my writing-table they will discover my will, a few other documents of importance, and only a single packet of letters, every one of which they are heartily welcome to peruse, and will, indeed, be all the better for perusing.

These letters are written in a clear, cramped writing—the writing of a student accustomed to making marginal notes. The hand that traced the crabbed characters has turned to dust; the paper is yellow with age; the ink has faded to a pale brown hue; the subject-matter relates to events which, for the most part, have long since passed into the category of forgotten things. Yet it still happens to me, every now and again, to read them over, and one of them (dated Thirlby, 10th July, 1854) lies before me now. In it I am informed that my uncle, having been told of Harry's marriage and Jimmy's birth, and having seen attested copies of the marriage and baptismal certificates, has felt bound to invite the whole family to pay him a visit. "After all that I have said to you at different times," the writer proceeds, "you will easily understand that I have not as yet committed myself in any way as to the ultimate disposal of my property; nor shall I do so in haste. At the same time I want you to clearly understand that your chance of succeeding me here has been changed by events from a very good to a very indifferent one. I don't care to disguise from you that I consider what has happened as a misfortune both for you and for me; but I hope our backs are broad enough to bear most burdens. If not, we must try to broaden them."

"LADY CONSTANCE ANSWERED FOR ME. 'THAT YOUNG LADY,' SHE SAID, LAUGHING, 'IS A MISS DENNISON, AN OLD FLAME OF MR. MAXWELL'S.'"

And then, after many kind words and some sensible advice, he goes on: "One thing you ought certainly to know, namely, the amount of income that you may henceforth expect; and as to that, I may say that, during my life, you will always have a thousand a year (including the interest of your own money). After I die there will be a little more; but not very much, I am afraid, for I think I am bound to hand over the estate to my successor as I received it."

My uncle was evidently very sorry for me; but for myself I had no regrets. For some weeks past I had felt convinced that Harry's restoration was only a question of time, and it was a relief to have done with suspense and mystery. Of my own prospects I preferred, for the moment, not to think. I pushed the consideration of them into a pigeon-hole of my mind, only remarking to myself that they were no worse than I had expected them to be. At that time I hardly knew whether a thousand a year was a large or a small income for a bachelor; though I could not but be aware that would be ridiculously inadequate to the requirements of Lady Constance Milner's husband.

My cousin had behaved so badly to me that I felt under no obligation to congratulate him upon the change in his fortunes; nevertheless, on the day succeeding that of my meeting with Maud at the Opera, I could not resist taking the train for Richmond. In this I was actuated, I own, chiefly by curiosity. I wanted to see what Harry would do when confronted with a direct accusation of double-dealing; added to which, I was anxious to hear any account that Paulina might have to give of her share in the discreditable business.

Jimmy, who was swinging on the garden gate, descried me from afar, and came tearing down toward me with extravagant demonstrations of joy. "Oh, Cousin Charley!" he exclaimed, "*have* you heard? We're all going down to-morrow to that place where you live, and we're to stay a long time. Perhaps we shall stay there always, if we're good, father says; but mother says she don't believe a word of it. Why don't you come with us?"

I answered that I hoped to join the party later.

"I say," Jimmy went on, turning his sharp little face up to me, "do you think the old buffer will let us stop?"

"I hope so," I replied; "but I wouldn't call him 'the old buffer,' if I were you. He is your grandfather, you know."

"So he is," said Jimmy, with a delighted chuckle. "What a rum start! I should think he's sure to like father and me; but if mother chucks a glass of water in his face, or something, he may cut up rough, don't you see."

"I dare say she won't do that," I remarked.

Jimmy shook his head doubtfully. "I wouldn't answer for her," said he; "she's been precious queer all day—laughing and crying, you know, the way she always does before she pitches into one of us. I tell you what: I wish she'd stop here and let father and me go without her!"

I thought to myself that Jimmy was, perhaps, not the only person who entertained that amiable wish; but I made no reply. As we approached the cottage, Harry came slowly down the path to meet us. He looked a little nervous, and seemed anxious to avoid my eye; but it was in his ordinary calm voice that he said:

"I'm glad you thought of coming down this afternoon. We are off to-morrow, as I suppose you have heard. Now, Jimmy, make yourself scarce; your cousin and I are going to have some private conversation." When the boy was gone, he added, "I am afraid you are not best pleased."

"I am not pleased at having been humbugged," answered I, bluntly; for I didn't see why I should mince matters. "I think it is quite right that you should go to Thirlby; you know that well enough."

Harry sighed. "The experiment is not likely to prove a success," he said; "but I am bound to make it, I suppose. You are annoyed, I fancy, because I didn't tell you that my grandmother had been here the other day; but really I couldn't help that."

"Why, you told me in so many words that she had *not* been here!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"That comes to pretty much the same thing, doesn't it? What could I do when you put the question to me? The old lady had made me promise that I wouldn't let anybody know we had seen her."

"I don't think you ought to have said what you did, all the same," returned I. "It isn't as if you had contented yourself with simply denying the fact; you spoke in such a way that it was impossible to disbelieve you."

"But is there any particular merit in telling a clumsy lie?" asked Harry, mildly. "If you say that all lies are wicked, I understand you; but as the only conceivable object of lying is to deceive, it seems to me that one may as well do the thing artistically while one is about it."

"Well," I said, "I give you every credit for being a first-class artist. I shouldn't much care to excel in that particular branch of art myself; but there's no accounting for tastes. The drawback to being so very clever is that when a man finds that you have taken him in once, he is apt to suspect you of having taken him in before."

Harry stole a quick sidelong glance at me, but said nothing.

"You tell me," I continued, "that Mrs. Farquhar did not wish you to mention her having been in your house; and that is all very well. But what made her come to your house? I have an idea—and if I am wrong, you have only yourself to blame for it—that you have been privately scheming to make your way back to Thirlby all the time that you have been protesting to me that you did not want ever to see the place again. I tell you this because I may not have another opportunity, and because I should like you to understand that I am not an absolute fool, though I may be credulous."

Harry's apparent shamelessness had goaded me into saying rather more than I had intended; but I became furious when he rejoined, quietly:

"Are you not feeling a little sore at the prospect of losing a fine estate? After all, it would be strange if you were not."

"Think that I am, then, if you like," cried I, in great wrath. "Think so, if you can, after all that I have said and done to prove myself your friend. I suppose you can't understand how a gentleman feels about such things."

"By all means," said Harry, "let it be agreed that I am incapable of entering into a gentleman's feelings. Nevertheless, I didn't ask Mrs. Farquhar to come here, and I didn't want her to come. I thought, and think, that the sight of Paulina would be quite enough to complete the sentiment of disgust with which my father has honored me for so many years; and therefore, if I had been scheming against you, the very last thing that I should have wished to make known would have been my marriage. The old lady had my address, and she chose to make a descent upon Richmond without giving me a hint of her intentions. If you don't believe me, ask her."

I did not know what to think. I had lost faith in Harry; yet it was difficult to doubt that he was speaking the truth in this particular instance. "Perhaps I ought to apologize," I began at last, rather reluctantly.

"Pray don't think of doing that," he interrupted, with a short laugh; "nobody is bound to apologize to *me* under any circumstances. The only wonder is that you should have trusted me as long as you have done. But I tell you candidly that your present indignation seems to me positively ridiculous. Why should I have wished to conceal from you that my grandmother had been here? She asked me to keep it dark, and I made no difficulty about obliging her. As far as I understand you, you would have done the same thing; only you would have quieted your conscience by doing it so badly that you would have been detected at once."

I was puzzled, and ingenuously confessed as much; whereat Harry laughed again.

"I know you are," he said; "you think there is some dark plot on foot. Let me tell you the truth: you can believe me or not, as you please. Mrs. Farquhar has thrown you overboard, not out of any love for me, but because she has taken a scare about you. She is a parsimonious old creature, and some one has told her that you are developing into a spendthrift. Besides which, she heard that it was quite upon the cards that you might marry an extravagant woman. Immediately it occurred to her that even I, bad as I am, might be less likely to ruin the estate than Lady Constance Milner, and she dashed up here post-haste to tell me so. She was so much in earnest that she accepted Paulina without making many wry faces, and wept over Jimmy. All this would probably have led to nothing; but when my father heard that I had a son, he found out that it was his duty to try and make friends with me, and he has sent for me accordingly. What that will lead to remains to be seen. If you ask me, I expect that it will lead to the whole lot of us being kicked out of the house at the end of a week."

By this time I was a little ashamed of myself. I held out my hand to Harry, who said, "Do you acquit me of plotting and scheming, then?"

"Yes," I answered; "I do. The fact of the matter is, Harry, that you and I have different ways of looking at things; and I confess that I was a little staggered by your—your—"

"By my readiness of resource, let us say. Now I do wonder whether I shall put you in a rage if I repeat the question that I started with! Anyhow, I'll risk it. Are you feeling at all sore about my going to Thirlby?"

"You don't put me in a rage by asking such questions," I replied; "but you astonish me rather. Haven't I been doing all I could to bring about this very thing ever since I first met you?"

"Yes; but success is not always as pleasing as endeavor. You ought to be feeling sore, you know; it must be an infernal nuisance for you. What about your matrimonial prospects, for instance?"

I shrugged my shoulders in silence.

"Now listen to me, Charley," said Harry, laying his hand upon my arm; "don't you hurry off to Lady Constance and tell her the game is up. The game is not up at all. My father detests me; unless he is very much altered from what he used to be, he will be simply horrified at Paulina; and I doubt whether he is of an age to enjoy the playful ways of small boys. I couldn't, in justice to Jimmy, refuse to accept the olive-branch; but I look upon this visit as a very doubtful experiment, and I think there is an excellent chance of my being finally cleared out of your path before the autumn."

"You don't understand your father," said I. "He will do what he believes to be his duty, whatever happens. Also, you are quite mistaken in thinking that he will detest any of you."

"We shall see," answered Harry, smiling. "At all events, don't push Lady Constance into Mr. Sotheran's arms before you know what your fate is to be."

"I shall tell her the exact truth," I said. "I shall tell her that my uncle has sent for you."

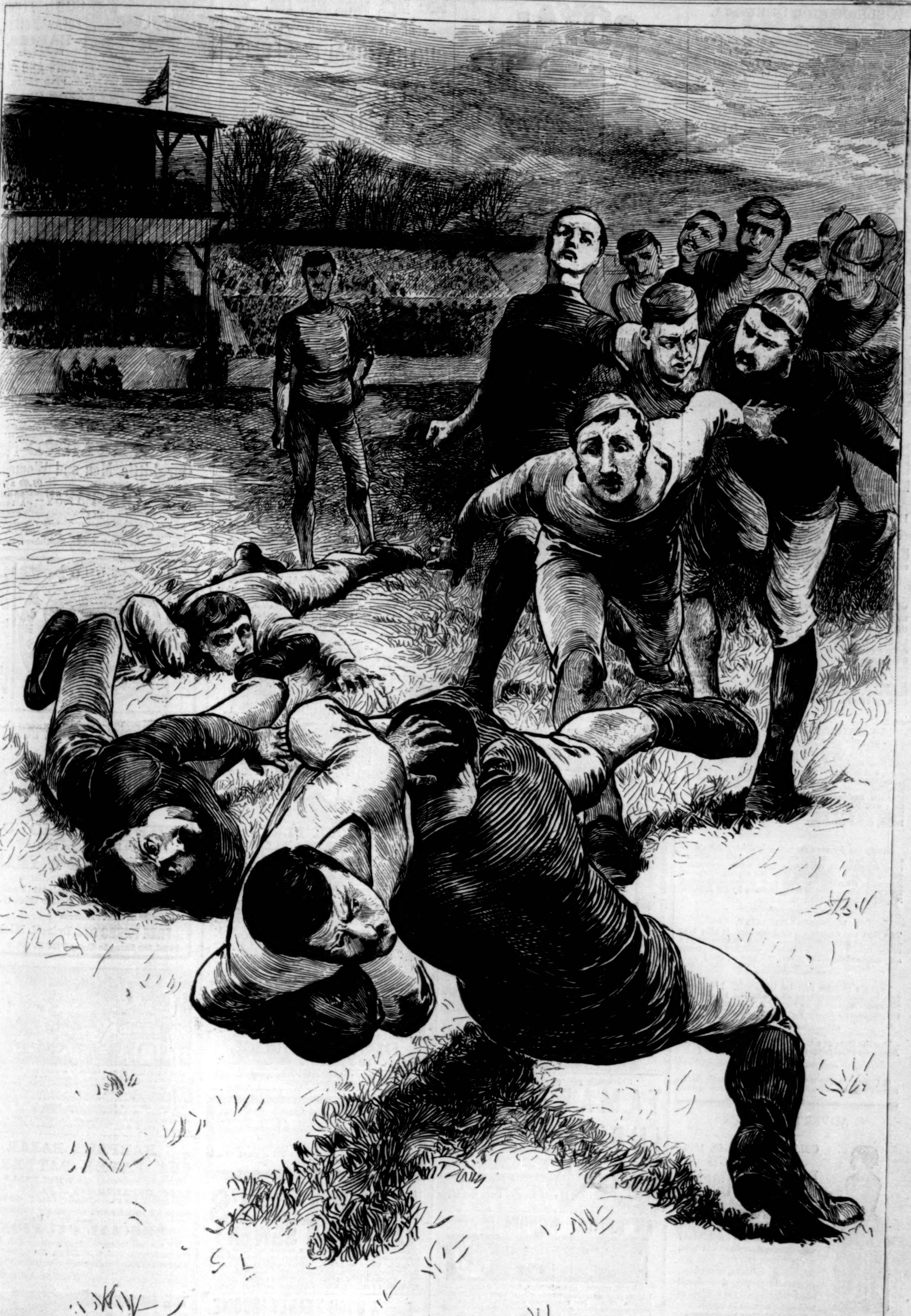
"Including my anticipations as to the result?"

"Oh yes, if you like. Now I must be off. Am I to be allowed to shake hands with Paulina before I go?"

"By all means," answered Harry. "I'll go into the house and fetch her."

However, he returned presently, saying he was sorry that his wife was not visible. "She has worked herself up into a state of excitement over this business, and the consequence is that she is lying down now with a splitting headache. I'll say good-by to her for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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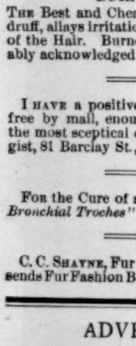

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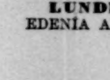

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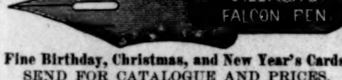

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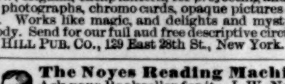

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